THE NEW THEATRE of FUN;

OR, THE

MODERN ARISTOPHANES

IN HIGH GLEE.

BEING A

GENUINE COLLECTION OF

The JESTS, GIBES, WITTICISMS, BON-MOTS, PUNS, REPARTEES, ANECDOTES, REMARKS, and ſingular JOKES, of

SAMUEL FOOTE, Eſq;

INCLUDING ALSO THOSE OF

LORD LYTTLETON,

Meſſ. GARRICK and CHURCHILL, Dr. GOLDSMITH, Miſs CATLEY, and other noted Perſonages.

Forming a high-ſeaſoned, though innocent, OLIO,

Of greater variety than ever was before preſented to the public.

IN WHICH IS INCLUDED

The humorous JEUX-D'ESPRIT of the moſt celebrated LADIES both in the Theatre and at Court.

THE WHOLE CONCLUDING

WITH A RICH VARIETY

Of ſmart *Conundrums*, diverting *Rebuſſes*, merry *Songs*, humorous *Stories*, entertaining *Tales*, curious *Ænigmas*, ſingular *Epitaphs*, witty *Epigrams*, *&c. &c.*

Calculated for the entertainment of thoſe who are deſirous to ſhine in polite company, and make themſelves agreeable to all around them.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE. SHAKESPEAR.

LONDON:

Sold by R. DURFEY, and J. CURDELL.

MDCCLXXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE NEW

THEATRE of FUN.

WHEN Ariſtophanes firſt heard of the late Sir F. B. Delaval's death, the ſhock of loſing ſo intimate a friend had ſuch an effect upon him, that he burſt into tears, retired to his room, and ſaw no company for the whole day. Next day at noon coming down to his dinner, he aſked his treaſurer, with ſwollen eyes, when they intended burying him? "Not till next week," replied the other, "as the ſurgeons are firſt to examine his breaſt and *head*." This laſt word recovered the wit's fancy, and repeating it with ſome ſurpriſe, aſked, "And what the De-"vil will they get there? I'm ſure, ſays he, "I've known poor Frank theſe five and twenty "years, and I never could find *any thing* in "it."

The death of the late Mr. Holland of Drury-lane (who was the ſon of a baker at Chiſwick) had likewiſe a very great effect on Ariſtophanes's

ſpirits when firſt he heard of it. Being appointed by the will of the deceaſed as one of his bearers, he attended the corpſe to the family vault at Chiſwick, and there very ſincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town he called at the Bedford coffee houſe, when an acquaintance coming up to him, aſked him, if he had not been paying the laſt compliment to his friend Holland? "Yes, poor boy," replies Foote, (ſniveling at the ſame time) "I've juſt been ſeeing him *ſhoved* into "the *family oven.*"

Davies, one of Foote's familiars, was one day admiring his maſter's performance on the ſtage, and exclaiming in the higheſt terms of his abilities: a plain, ſober man hearing his extravagant praiſes without emotion, turned to the perſon next to him, and aſked him, what he thought of his acting, "for," ſays he, "I don't mind Davies, for Foote and he play into one another's hands."

A gentleman calling on Foote, at North-End, found him drinking coffee by the ſide of a piece of water in his ground; as he approached, he obſerved a ſmart, dapper man walking haſtily away. Says Foote, "I have been at cards, and loſt ſome caſh with that youth; however, it is well for him, for he was in want of two things which I have ſupplied him with." "What are they?" ſays the gentleman. "*Money and wit.*"

Foote travelling to the north once, put up at a bye inn on the road, where he was rather diſtreſſed

treſſed for want of accommodations. "What," ſays he, "have you no cold meat in the houſe, landlord?" "No, Sir," ſays the hoſt, "we have not dreſſed any for ſome days, as my poor wife lays dead up ſtairs." "Zounds!" ſays Foote, "never complain again of your larder, for there is no cold meat equal to a dead wife."

When Foote brought out his puppet-ſhow at the Hay-market, it was reported, that he had procured in wood the likeneſſes of the principal performers at the theatres. A gentleman therefore took an opportunity of calling at his play-houſe, and ſeeing a figure hang up, he ſaid with ſome emotion, "Bleſs me! that is very like Woodward." "Yes," ſays Foote, "ſo it is; and I expect Garrick's home from the turner's every minute." He afterwards compenſated for this jeſt, in a converſation with Punch, by ſaying, "We have got Garrick's head in the houſe, but we want his brains."

Mr. Colman uſed always to ſay of Foote's jokes, they were fuller's earth, and rubbed off when dry.

A certain comedian, who was formerly a cook, fought a duel with a gentleman of the theatre. This being mentioned to Foote, he anſwered, "Yes, damn him for an ungrateful fellow, 'twas I took the ſpit from the fire, put it by his ſide, and made him a gentleman."

Mr. Foote dining one day with Lord Townſhend, after his duel with Lord Bellamont, the wine being bad, and the dinner ill-dreſſed, made

Foote obſerve to his Lordſhip, that he could not diſcover what reaſon could compel his Lordſhip to take up arms, when he might have effected his purpoſe another way, and with much more eaſe to himſelf. "Why, how," replied his Lordſhip, "could I have acted otherwiſe?" "How!" replied Foote, "you ſhould have invited him to dine with your Lordſhip, as you have done me, and poiſoned him."

Diſcourſing one day with Lord Mansfield, he mentioned that his patent was confined, and that he wiſhed to have it extended for the performance of plays in the winter; for which purpoſe, continued Foote, I drew up a petition to his Majeſty---"Well," ſays my Lord, "and what anſwer did he give you, Mr. Foote?" "My Lord," replied the wag, "he paid no more attention to it, than if all the people of England had petitioned him."

Foote dining at the Caſtle at Richmond, when Lady Harrington had alſo a party at the ſame tavern, there was a diſpute about a room, when Foote meeting her Ladyſhip, ſaid, "I have ſettled the diſpute, my Lady; I aſſured them, that the room which my company had got, could not be your Ladyſhip's, *for there was no bed in it.*"

Tom Oſborne, the Bookſeller, who was a man of a ſcurvy habit of body, and had iſſues in his back and arms, diſcharged his gardiner ſuddenly, whom Foote hired without a character. Theſe oppoſite beings meeting at a veniſon feaſt in Hampſtead, Mr. Oſborne attacked him for taking

taking a man without enquiring his character. "Sir," ſays Foote, "the man told me, you put him to a wrong uſe, and not to the buſineſs of his profeſſion, for you made him plant peas in your back, and not in your garden."

A lady being left a great fortune by her huſband, ſhe married immediately. On the day of the marriage, a gentleman meeting Lord Lyttleton, ſaid, "Has your Lordſhip heard the news to-day?---Lady *** is married to Captain *** ?" "No," replied his Lordſhip, "this is news to me, indeed; *for I laid with her laſt night, and ſhe never mentioned a word about it.*"

Mr. W----- meeting with Mr. G------ who had been reading his own works at court, W----- aſked him, if this was his idea of elegant retirement; to read his own works to the dulleſt man in the nation, a German woman, who knew not a word of the language, and a parcel of untutored children out of the nurſery---Oh, what a falling off is here!

A certain gentleman of the ſtage, celebrated for his conjugal fidelity, was often ſaying in company with Foote, that he had not laid from his wife once in twenty years. "May be not," ſays Foote, "nor with her."

Politicks being one day the topick of Foote's table, he humouroufly pun'd on the reigns of the three Georges, thus; King George the firſt had a turbulent, ſtormy *rain*---King George the ſecond had a fertile and refreſhing *rain*---but George the third has nothing more than a dull Scots miſt.

Foote frequently uſed to deſcribe the miſerable petit ſtate of Strelitz, by ſaying, that when a viſitor came unexpectedly, they were obliged to lie three in a bed.

Foote dining on a turtle, at the caſtle at Richmond; when he had got into his chariot, and was going away, a tall, lank, ſleek fellow of an hoſtler came to the carriage, with a demure face, and ſays to Foote, "I hope, Sir, you will remember the hoſtler." "I believe I ſhall," ſays he, "when I ſee you again." The anſwer petrified the fellow, and he drove off, leaving him motionleſs.

Lord K---, who had a remarkable large, round, red face, took lodgings next to Foote's, and the back window of his room looked into the wit's garden. Foote walking one cold morning in the ſpring into his melon-ground, diſcovered his Lordſhip in the window. "Good morning to your Lordſhip." Says my Lord, "It is a very chill morning, Mr. Foote." Yes," ſays the wag, "it is, and I wiſh your Lordſhip would do me the honour to turn your countenance upon my cucumbers."

Foote coming down the Hay-market, a beggar aſked him for a half-penny; he gave him a ſhilling, ſaying, "Whenever you ſee a gentleman like myſelf never offend him, by aſking for a half-penny."

A gentleman aſked Foote one day in a very formal manner, whether he had any iſſue? "Yes," replied the wag, "I have two running, Sir, and you are welcome to 'em both."

When

When Wilkes was lord-mayor, Foote attended the Eaſter dinner, and leaning on a friend's arm, he was greatly crouded, where he obſerved a large woman very big with child --Zounds!" ſays the friend, "I wiſh we were out of this croud." "Ay," ſays Foote, turning to the woman, "and if this lady was delivered too, there would be no harm in it"

Dr. Goldſmith was, without exception, the vaineſt man of his perſon, and a man of the plaineſt perſon you could ſee; when he dined with Foote, he uſed to place himſelf at table oppoſite a large pier-glaſs, in which the Doctor would be always admiring himſelf, and neglect his victuals; however, vanity led the Doctor to the thoughts of matrimony, and he believed a beautiful young lady where he viſited was much in love with him. Theſe trifles got air, and ſome of the particulars were mentioned in a paper publiſhed by Evans, in Paternoſter-row. The Doctor, incenſed, flew to the ſhop, and when he entered, the bookſeller was ſtooping for ſomething behind the counter; Goldſmith, not regarding that, ſtruck him with his cane, and knocked him down; the man aſtoniſhed and confounded got up, and beat the Doctor ſo ſeverely, that he was confined for ſome time for the impetuoſity of his temper.

Foote, whoſe talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, even in his early days, had once got the knack of imitating a late general officer, in the ſhrug of his ſhoulders, the liſping of his ſpeech, and ſome other things for which the General

was remarkable, that it grew a common topic among his acquaintance, who uſed to ſay, "Come, Sam, let us have the General's company." A friend, at length, acquainted the officer of it, who ſent for Foote: "Sir," ſays the General, "I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and among the reſt, I find I have been the ſubject of your ridicule." "Oh, Lord, Sir," ſays Foote, with great pleaſantry, "I take all my acquaintance off at times, and what is more particular, I often take myſelf off." "Gad ſo," ſays the other, "pray let us have a ſpecimen." Foote, on this, puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a ſhort bow, left the room. The officer waited ſome minutes for his return; but at length, on enquiry, found he had really taken himſelf off, by leaving the houſe. The officer was Gen. Blakeney, with whom he was afterwards in the ſtricteſt friendſhip.

When Sir Thomas Robinſon's ſhares of Ranelagh were to be ſold, a gentleman calling upon Foote, the wit aſked him, if he had any money to ſpare; "For if you have," ſays he, "you'll find a ſhare of Ranelagh to be a good thing, for G-- and all the Jews are after the purchaſe."

Mrs. Foote, mother of Ariſtophanes, was of a very whimſical turn of mind, and experienced the caprice of fortune nearly as much as her ſon. The day ſhe was ſent priſoner to the King's-Bench, Foote was taken to a ſpunging-houſe, when the following laconic letters paſſed between the mother and

and ſon: "Dear Sam, I am in priſon." "Dear mother, ſo am I."

Foote attended the theatre one evening, when a new lady appeared with ſome gleam* of grace. Foote aſked a gentleman by him, what was the lady's name? "Reddiſh, Sir," ſays the ſtranger. "It is Horſe-Reddiſh then, by G--d," ſays he.

Foote's tallow-chandler came to him one morning, with a very long face, telling him a doleful tale, as how his ſhop had been broken open, and a great quantity of candles ſtolen out of it; "Well," ſays Foote, "never mind it, my dear Greaſy, they will all come to light again in time."

Mr. Foote, in his return from Bath, dined at the Caſtle at Salt-hill; the bill being very extravagant, he ſent for the landlady--- "Pray, Madam," ſays he, "is not your name Partridge?" "Yes, Sir." "I think it ſhould have been Woodcock, by the length of your bill."

Mr. Foote attending with Sir John St. Alban, Mr. Fielding's examination into the legality of the Harmonic Meeting, ſaid, there were no want of amuſements, there were the two play-houſes, the opera-houſe in the Hay-market, and oppoſite, the facetious *Ariſtophanes*. "Who?" ſays Sir

 John.

* Churchill, in his Roſciad, thus ſpeaks of this lady.

"Happy in this, behold amidſt the throng,
"With tranſient gleams of grace, Hart ſweeps along."

John. "*Harry Stephens*, " *replied Foote.* "What," the man that reads lectures upon heads?" "The ſame." "I know him well," replied the knight.

Miſs Sherry playing a part at Drury-lane, a perſon aſked Foote, what he thought of the Sherry? "Oh!" ſays the wag, "it is pricked."

A gentleman meeting Foote in his carriage, drawn by four duns, exclaimed, "I am glad to ſee, Sam, that you drive the duns." Foote anſwered, "And ſo am I, for they have driven me a long time."

In the manors of Eaſt and Weſt-Enborne, in the county of Berks, and elſewhere, the inhabitants have the following antient cuſtom. "If a cuſtomary tenant die, the widow ſhall have what the law calls her Free-Bench in all his copy-hold lands, *dum ſola & caſta fuerit*, that is, while ſhe lives ſingle and chaſte; but if ſhe commits incontinency, ſhe forfeits her eſtate; yet if ſhe will come into the court riding upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and ſay the words following, the ſteward is bound by the cuſtom to re admit her to her Free-Bench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a black ram,
Like a whore as I am;
And for my crincum crancum,
Have loſt my bincum bancum;
And, for my tail's game,
Have done this wordly ſhame,
Therefore, I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my land again."

"I

"I have, according to my promiſe, been at great pains in ſearching out the records of the black ram; and have at laſt met with the proceedings of the court-baron, held in that behalf, for the ſpace of a whole day. The record ſaith, that a ſtrict inquiſition having been made into the right of the tenants to their ſeveral eſtates, by a crafty old ſteward, he found that many of the lands of the manor were, by default of the ſeveral widows, forfeited to the lord, and accordingly would have entered on the premiſes: upon which the good women demanded the benefit of the ram. The ſteward, after having peruſed their ſeveral pleas, adjourned the court to Barnaby-bright, that they might have day enough before them.

The court being ſet, and filled with a great concourſe of people, who came from all parts to ſee the ſolemnity, the firſt who entered was the widow Frontly, who had made her appearance in the laſt year's cavalcade. The regiſter obſerves, that finding it an eaſy pad-ram, and foreſeeing ſhe might have further occaſion for it, ſhe purchaſed it of the ſteward.

Mrs. Sarah Dainty, relict of Mr. John Dainty, (who was the greateſt prude in the pariſh) came next in the proceſſion. She at firſt made ſome difficulty of taking the tail in her hand; and was obſerved in pronouncing the form of penance, to ſoften the two moſt emphatical words into clincum clancum: But the ſteward took care to make her ſpeak plain Engliſh, before he would let her have her land again.

The

The third widow that was brought to this worldly ſhame, being mounted upon a vicious ram, had the misfortune to be thrown by him: upon which ſhe hoped to be excuſed from going through the reſt of the ceremony: but the ſteward being well verſed in the law, obſerved very wiſely upon this occaſion, that the breaking of the rope does not hinder the execution of the criminal.

The fourth lady upon record was the widow Ogle, a famous coquette, who had kept half a ſcore young fellows off and on for the ſpace of two years; but having been more kind to her carter John, ſhe was introduced with the huzzas of all her lovers about her.

Mrs Sable appearing in her weeds, which were very new and freſh, and of the ſame colour with her whimſical Palfrey, made a very decent figure in the ſolemnity.

Another, who had been ſummoned to make her appearance, was excuſed by the ſteward, as well knowing in his heart, that the good ſquire himſelf had qualified her for the ram.

Mrs Quick having nothing to object againſt the indictment, pleaded her belly. But it was remembred that ſhe made the ſame excuſe the year before. Upon which the ſteward obſerved that ſhe might ſo contrive it, as never to do the ſervice of the manor.

The widow Fidget being cited into court, inſiſted that ſhe had done no more ſince the death of her huſband, than what ſhe uſed to do in his life-time; and withal deſired Mr. ſteward to conſider

ſider his own wife's caſe if he ſhould chance to die before her.

The next in order was a Dowager of a very corpulent make, who would have been excuſed, as not finding any ram that was able to carry her; upon which the ſteward commuted her puniſhment, and ordered her to make her entry upon a black ox.

The widow Maſkwell, a woman who had long lived with moſt unblemiſhed character, having turned off her old chambermaid in a pet, was by that revengeful creature brought in upon the black ram nine times the ſame day.

Several widows of the neighbourhood, being brought upon their trial, ſhewed that they did not hold of the manor, and were diſcharged accordingly.

A pretty young creature who cloſed the proceſſion came ambling in, with ſo bewitching an air, that the ſteward was obſerved to caſt a ſheep's eye upon her, and married her within a month after the death of his wife."

A clergyman (who was remarkable for his dirty hands) converſing with Foote, was explaining how much he had improved his living, "For," ſays he, "I have taken all the tythes into my own hands." "Yes," ſays Foote, "I ſee you have, Doctor, *and the glebe too.*"

Mr. P---v---s, the old page, had frequently invited Mr. Foote to dine at St. James's; at laſt, Foote accepted the invitation. Being ſeated at table, he was given to underſtand, that part of a German boar was ordered by his M---- for their

table;

table; this generous circumſtance made Mr. P---s expatiate thus on the great condeſcenſion and amiable affability of the K---. "O, Mr. Foute, ſa Majeſté is without exception one of de moſt beſteſt prince in all Europe. He be ſo kind, ſo condeſcending! He ſay, Mr. P---s, will you do me de grand plaiſir to invite à votre table Mr. Foute? I do ſay, Votre Majeſté is ſo obliging and ſo condeſcend---He ſay, Poh, poh, Mr. P--s, do you aſk Mr. Foote! I do ſay, Very good, your Majeſté. (O, Mr. Foute, he be the beſteſt prince in all Europe!) His Majeſté ſend dis fine boar Germain from his own table. Is it not de fine boar, Mr. Foute? Oh, ſa Majeſté be de beſteſt prince in all Europe!" *Yes*, replied Foote, *it is boar, and excellently dreſſed, when we conſider how much you have been out of practice in the King's kitchen.* "Oh, Mr. Foute, you be ſo commekeel, you be ſo clever, dere is no ſaying de word, but you do make de laugh! Oh, Mr. Foute! you have no conception of de genteel and de affabilite of ſa Majeſté He do ſay to me, après dinner, Mr P—s, have you tak the caffee ſince you dine? I ſay, No, pleaſe your Majeſté. Den he do ſay, I will pour the caffee moi même. I do ſay, Bien oblige. O he be de beſteſt prince in all Europe. He do den tak the tetons, and he puttee in de ſugar, de cream, and he do ſtirree de caffee about, and den he do ſay, Mr P—s, dis be bon caffee. Oh! ſa Majeſté Mr Foute, he be de beſt prince! Oh! he be ſo condeſcend—he do admit de tradeſmen behind de chair, when he do dine, and

and dey do telle de ſtory, and his Majeſté do laugh ſo, it do give plaſir to all de court!". "But, Sir, do they not ſometimes improperly aſk favours, or mention ſubjects of a public nature?" "Non, non, non, Mr. Foute; we do tell dem before dey do approach de preſence, dat dey muſt not aſk de faveur, nor talk of de affairs of de ſtate, for de world." "Very true," ſays Foote; "upon my word, I did not think you were ſo prudent, or ſo well amuſed at court."

Foote going to Dublin, took a place in the Cheſter-fly, in which were many paſſengers unknown to him, and one who wore a maſk the whole journey. The coachman, not attentive to the road, overſet the carriage, when the maſked lady was turned topſy-turvy, and her *latter end* coming directly in Foote's face, he cried out, "God bleſs me, is it you, my dear Mrs. A---! I really did not know you before."

A certain lady was cook to Foote, and he took her from the kitchen to the parlour. After her marriage, he frequently enquired about her; by ſaying, "Well how is Nanny? I ſpoiled a good cook when I made her a gentlewoman; 'twas I that raiſed her from the dripping-pan to the drawing-room."

Foote being one day on the river Avon with a party of ladies and gentlemen, and the boat being ordered to a particular place, where the wit happened to owe a ſum of money, he ſaid, he had a particular averſion to that place; the company, however, were all bent upon going thither: Foote remonſtrated; the company laughed at him.

"Well,"

"Well," ſaid he, "ſince you have your humour, let me have mine." Accordingly, ſtripping himſelf almoſt naked, to "ſalute," he ſaid, "the Naiades of the Avon," the company gladly agreed to change their courſe, and to ſteer to another place.

Mr Foote dining one day at the mayor's feaſt at Eveſham, in Worceſter, with the late Sir John Ruſhout, member for that place, Mr Mayor, who was a very vain man, was telling Sir John, that his wife, from her natural delicacy, had catched a cold. "I am ſorry for it," ſaid Sir John: "And ſo am I, with all my ſoul," ſaid Foote; "for I aſſure you, Sir John, Mrs Mayoreſs is a very delicate lady; I catched her at breakfaſt this morning upon leek-porridge, and her breath ſtunk like a pole-cat.

The play of Tamerlane is uſually performed in honour of the late King William. Some time ſince, Foote and Garrick being in company, the latter expatiated with great eloquence upon the merit of the piece, and declared it contained three of the beſt acting characters (viz. Tamerlane, Bajazet, and Moneſes) upon the ſtage. "I am certain," ſaid the humouriſt, "you think no ſuch thing." "Indeed I do," rejoined Garrick: "your reaſon for ſuppoſing the contrary?" "Oh, I'll give you a moſt convincing one," replied Foote: "If you had believed there had been even the ghoſt of a good part in the performance you would have played it long ago yourſelf."

An Engliſh gentleman being in Brecknockſhire, often diverted himſelf with ſhooting; but, ſuſpected

ſuſpected not to be qualified by one of the buſy Welch Juſtices, his worſhip told him, if he did not produce his qualification, he ſhould not ſhoot there; for, ſaid he, I have two little manors. Yes, Sir, ſays the Engliſh gentleman, any body may perceive that. Perceive what, cries the juſtice? That you have two little manners, ſays the other.

A country clergyman meeting a neighbour who never came to church, although an old fellow of above ſixty, he gave him ſome reproof on that account, and aſked him, If he ever read at home? No, replied the clown, I can't read. I dare ſay, ſaid the parſon, you don't know who made you? Not I, in troth, cried the countryman. A little boy coming by at the ſame time, Who made you, child? ſaid the parſon. God, Sir, anſwered the boy. Why look you here, quoth the honeſt Clergyman, are you not aſhamed to hear a child of five or ſix years old tell me who made him, when you who are ſo old a man cannot? Ah! ſaid the countryman, it is no wonder that he ſhould: he was made but t'other day; it is a great while, maſter, ſince I was made.

Tr—ſs—c de V—r—gy is a ſingular inſtance of proſtituted abilities: When this French adventurer publiſhed the firſt volume of the Lovers; or Memoirs of Lady S— B—y, &c. he thereby not only obtained his releaſe from durance vile, but alſo a whole ſuit of cloaths to his back. On this occaſion, giving a looſe to his natural inſolence and pride, he could not behave with com-

mon

mon diſcretion to his former friends in adverſity, one of whom took the liberty to tell him, that two years before he had hardly a rag to conceal his nakedneſs. You miſtake, replied Tr—ſs—c; two years ago I had nothing but rags to conceal my nakedneſs.

Foote called upon Lord Mansfield one day, with whom he was very intimate, and told his Lordſhip, he had juſt been in company with Wilkes, who had been both witty and abuſive on the whole body of the law, ridiculing their dull gravity, and their illiterate tautology. "Ay, ſays my Lord, "he is an abandoned, flagitious, contemptible fellow, and a diſgrace to humanity and ſociety." "But," ſays Foote, "my Lord, he ſaid that your Lordſhip was an exception, that you were a man of oratory, erudition, and a moſt complete gentleman." "Well, Foote," anſwered his Lordſhip, "you know I have often ſaid, in ſpite of the cry of the world, that Wilkes was a diſcerning, ſenſible, witty fellow."

Foote being at a maſquerade, was ſtanding by a lady of eaſy virtue, who having drank too much wine, fell flat upon her back. Foote, with much politeneſs, went to raiſe her up; but the lady not ſhowing much alacrity or inclination to riſe, the wag added, 'Lie ſtill, Miſs, practice makes perfect.'

Foote attending the Houſe of Commons, a gentleman who ſat next to him aſked him in the debates, if Colonel Barré did not ſpeak like an angel? 'Yes,' ſays Foote, 'very much like an angel; for he talks as if the devil was in him.'

Not-

Notwithſtanding Lord Rocheſter was the moſt debauched and impudent nobleman of his time, and though he had even exhibited as a mountebank upon Tower-hill, yet he had not confidence ſufficient to ſpeak in the Houſe of Peers. One day making an attempt to ſpeak, he gave a true picture of this *mauvais honte*. Says he, "My lords and gentlemen, I riſe this time——My lords and gentlemen, I mean to divide this diſcourſe into four branches—My lords and gentlemen, if I ever attempt to branch in this place again, I'll give ye leave to cut me off root and branch for ever;" and he ſat down.

Two Iriſh chairmen ſtanding at the St. James's coffee-houſe, one of the foot guards running acroſs the way, dropped his handkerchief, when they called to the fellow to inform him to take it up, and ſaid, that it was very well; but if he had dropped it at *Bunker's-hill*, he would have left it for the Yankies to pick up.

When Miſs Catley firſt returned from Ireland, every body was amazed at the improvement of her voice; and among a variety of compliments, one gentleman peremptorily aſked her, what had ſhe met in Ireland, that occaſioned ſuch an alteration for the better? To which Catley anſwered with great gravity, that upon her firſt landing in that kingdom, ſhe was bored through with one of their gimblets, which had cleared the paſſages of all obſtructions, and conſequently improved her voice."

Whenever

Whenever Foote ſpoke of Mrs. Macaulay, he uſed to call her, *Brutus without—b—s* ‡

Captain Watſon of the navy, who was a man of a very flighty turn of mind, had occaſion to attend the admiralty, and the office of Mr. Alcock, who was ſullen and very inattentive. Watſon ſpeaking to him two or three times, and he not attending to him, but writing on, the Captain gave him a ſhove on the head, which ſtriking his noſe againſt the deſk, made it bleed. Alcock in his rage ran to the lords at the board all bloody; when Watſon was ordered in, and receiving a rebuff for his behaviour, ſaid in his defence, that he thought the clerk was aſleep, ſo gently waked him, that he might not neglect their Lordſhips' buſineſs.

Upon a ſudden naval armament, a number of ſea-captains went to St. James's; Lady Bridget Lane ſeeing them, cried out, "Bleſs me, there muſt be a great deal of carrion abroad, for all the crows have got together."

Captain Montague of the navy, the Duke's brother, who was always diſtinguiſhed by the epithet *mad*, got into a ſcrape at New-York on the ſabbath, for which the mayor, without regard to his rank, put him in the ſtocks; this Montague bore with a degree of pleaſantry; and ſome months afterwards he invited the corporation to dine on board his ſhip, where he entertained them ſumptuouſly; juſt as they were going

‡ The reader is ſuppoſed to read this *Breeches*.

going to leave him, "Stay a moment, gentlemen," ſays he, "there is a little account to be ſettled between us."—Upon that he ordered them all to the gang-way, and gave them a dozen a-piece.

Captain Bob Faulkner, who married the regal Miſs Aſh, had ſpent three fortunes in his life-time to the amount of 150,000*l.* A brother ſailor calling on him one morning to borrow ſome caſh, he took a blue worſted ſtocking full out of his cheſt, and ſaid, "There, Jack, take a handful, and pay me when you can."

Mrs. Mattocks was one evening performing the part of the Muſical-lady at Portſmouth, in which ſhe ſays, with ſome earneſt ſolicitation, "And how ſhall I go to Italy, my dear Maſqually?" A ſailor attentively liſtening, anſwered, "Why, Madam, with my captain."

Mr. Rich was without exception the moſt perfect and agile Harlequin the ſtage ever produced, and ſo very nimble was he in his common conduct of life, that he ſcarce paſſed a day without ſome proof of his agility. He once hired a hackney-coach, and bid the man drive to Temple-Bar; when the fellow came there, and opened the door, he found nobody in his coach, upon which he ſwore, pulled his wig, and grumbling went on to the next ſtand: before he had been long there, Rich put his head out of the window, and aſked him, why he did not drive him to the place he had bid him? the man confounded, ſwore he had: upon which Rich ordered him to go to Hyde-park-corner; when he

he came there, he ſerved him the ſame trick, and the coachman half mad went on his ſtand again, where he had not been long, but Rich popped his head out of the window again, and bade him make haſte and drive him to Covent-Garden; this the fellow did, with a ſort of ſtrange ſurprize and timidity: but coming there, he once more found his coach empty; however, Rich, thinking he had ſufficiently teized the poor fellow, came up to him with a half-guinea for his fare: when the fellow ſtaring at him with amazement, ſwore he would not touch the money, for he could be nothing but the devil, and he was not inclined to ſell himſelf at that price.

His M— walking out early in the morning met one of his head gardiners; "So," ſays the K—, "I hear you have a pretty wife, gardiner.' 'Yes,' replies the young Adam, 'I thinks her *very pretty in my eyes*, in pleaſe your M—." The ſucceeding morning, the young gardiner got his wife up early, and dreſſed out his Miſs Inkle from Cheapſide, clean as a carrot, and as the K— took his walk, they contrived to meet him. 'So,' ſays the King, 'is this your handſome wife? Well, keep her to yourſelf, gardiner, for ſhe is not *pretty in my eyes*.'

One Mr *Mann*, maſter of the ſhip called the *Moon*, uſed to be very familiar with a gentlewoman, and her huſband taxing her with another gentleman: ſhe ſwore ſhe knew him no more than the *man in the moon*.

Two

Two city Ladies meeting at a viſit, one a grocer's wife, and the other a cheeſemonger's, when they had riſen up, and taken their leave, the cheeſemonger's wife advanced to go out firſt; but the grocer's lady, with great indignation, pulled her back by the tail of her gown, and ſtepping before her, ſaid,—Hold, Madam, nothing comes after cheeſe.

When the famous Fontenelle was near an hundred years old, to which vaſt age he lived with a ſurpriſing degree of health and vivacity, meeting one day the Dutcheſs of Grammont, a celebrated beauty, in one of the apartments at Verſailles, who ſaid ſomething very obliging to him; Ah, Madam, cried the old man, catching her rapturouſly by the hand, Would to Heaven I was but fourſcore for your ſake!

King Charles the Second one day ſaid in a paſſion to Lord Shafteſbury; Shafteſbury, you are the greateſt rogue in England; to which my Lord Shafteſbury replied, bowing, Of a ſubject, Sir, I believe I am.

A Scotchwoman, whoſe name was Margaret, did nothing but ſwear and abuſe, inſtead of anſwering the Miniſter: Ah, Margaret, ſays he, wonna ye ken where a' the ſinfu' gang? De'el tak them that kens, as weel as them that ſpeers, cries ſhe. Ah, Margaret, they gang where there be wailing and gnaſhing of teeth; By my trowth then, ſays Margaret, let them gnaſh that hae them, for deel a ſtump have I had theſe twonty years.

A traveller, relating ſome of his adventures,

told the company, that he and his ſervant had made fifty wild Arabians run; which ſtartling them, he obſerved that there was no great matter in it; for, ſays he, we ran, and they ran after us.

The Duke of C——, in the courſe of his juvenile forlicks, laid violent ſiege to the heart of a married lady, who being reſolved to ſuffer no longer his addreſſes, diſmiſſed him, with this modeſt yet ſpirited reply, Whilſt I was a child, I obeyed my mother; when I was grown up, I obeyed my father; and now that I am married, I obey my huſband; ſo that if you deſire any thing of me, your Highneſs muſt get his conſent.

A young girl of the city of Cheſter was playing at What is it like? in a company where was preſent an old lady of venerable character, named Boucher: ſhe likened the thing thought on to Mrs Boucher's ſtick, becauſe it is the ſupport of virtue.

Once, when William Pen, the celebrated Quaker, waited on King Charles II. the King, as a gentle rebuke, pulled off his hat. Friend Charles, ſaid Pen, Why doſt not thou keep on thy hat? Friend Pen, replied the King, it is the cuſtom of this place for no more than one perſon to be ever covered at a time.

A Roman Catholic aſked a Proteſtant, where his religion was before the time of Luther. Did you not waſh your face this morning? replied the Proteſtant. Yes, anſwered the other. Then where was your face, ſaid the Proteſtant, before it was waſhed?

A gentleman, going to take water at Somerſet Stairs, cried out, as he came near the place, Who can ſwim? I, maſter, ſaid forty bawling mouths; when the gentleman obſerving one ſlinking away, called after him; but the fellow turning about ſaid, Sir, I cannot ſwim. Then you are my man, ſaid the gentleman, for you will at leaſt take care of me for your own ſake.

A young ſtudent, ſhewing the Muſæum at Oxon to a ſet of gentlemen and ladies, among other things produced a ruſty ſword; This, ſaid he, gentlemen, is the ſword with which Balaam was going to kill his aſs. Upon which one of the company replied, that he thought Balaam had no ſword, but only wiſhed for one. You are right, ſaid the ſtudent; and this is the very ſword he wiſhed for.

An Iriſh fellow, vaunting of his birth and family, affirmed, That when he came firſt to England, he made ſuch a figure, that the bells rang through all the towns he paſſed to London: Ay, ſaid a gentleman in company, I ſuppoſe that was becauſe you came up in a waggon with a bell-team.

A gentleman having received ſome abuſe, in paſſing through one of the inns of Chancery, from ſome of the impudent clerks, he was adviſed to complain to the Principal, which he did accordingly; and coming before him, accoſted him in the following manner: I have been groſly abuſed here by ſome of the raſcals of this houſe, and underſtanding you are the principal, I am come to acquaint you with it.

A young curate, with more pertneſs than wit or learning, being aſked in company, How he came to take it into his head to enter into the miniſtry of the church? Becauſe, ſaid he, the Lord had need of me. That may be, replied a gentleman preſent, for I have often read that the Lord had once need of an aſs.

At a certain village not above 500 miles from London, there lived a very inquiſitive Clergyman, who, whenever a ſtranger arrived at the principal Inn, was always curious to know his name, trade, and place of abode, with a thouſand other impertinent queſtions: a traveller undertook, for a wager, to cure him of his curioſity, and which effectually anſwered his purpoſe. Upon his alighting at the inn, the parſon, according to cuſtom, came and began to aſk him where he lived; to which the ſtranger replied, he lived in Paradiſe. This raiſed the parſon's curioſity to know what part of the world Paradiſe was in; to which the traveller anſwered, it was 20 miles from a Lord, 20 miles from a Lawyer, and 20 miles from a d—m—d impertinent parſon, ſuch as you are.

A very ignorant, but very foppiſh young fellow, going into a bookſeller's ſhop with a relation, who went thither to buy ſomething he wanted, ſeeing his couſin look into a particular book, and ſmile, aſked him, What there was in that book that made him ſmile? Why, anſwered the other, this book is dedicated to you, couſin Jack: Is it ſo? ſaid he, pray let me ſee it, for I never knew before that I had ſuch honour done me: Upon which,

which, taking it into his hands, he found it to be Perkin's catechiſm, dedicated to all ignorant people.

An old fellow having a great itch after his neighbour's wife, employed her chamber-maid in the buſineſs. At the next meeting he enquired, what anſwer the lady had ſent him? Anſwer! ſaid the girl, why ſhe has ſent you this for a token: (giving him a ſmart ſlap in the face.) Ay, cried the old fellow, rubbing his chops, and you have loſt none of it by the way; I thank you.

I will ſwear, ſays a gentleman to his miſtreſs, you are very handſome. Phoo, ſaid ſhe, ſo you would ſay, though you did not think ſo. And ſo you'd think, anſwered he pertly, though I ſhould not ſay ſo.

A gentleman in King Charles the II. time, who had paid a tedious attendance at court for a place, and had a thouſand promiſes, at length reſolved to ſee the King himſelf; ſo getting himſelf introduced, he told his Majeſty what pretenſions he had to his favour, and boldly aſked him for the place juſt then vacant. The king hearing his ſtory, told him he had juſt given the place away. Upon which the gentleman made a very low obeiſance to the king, and thanked him extremely, which he repeated often. The king obſerving how over-thankful he was, called him again, and aſked the reaſon, why he gave him ſuch extraordinary thanks, when he had denied his ſuit? The rather, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, replied the gentleman; your courtiers have kept me wait-

ing here theſe two years, and gave me a thouſand put-offs; but your Majeſty has ſaved me all that trouble, and generouſly given me my anſwer at once. Cod fiſh, man, ſays the king, (it being his uſual oath) thou ſhalt have the place for thy downright honeſty.

It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being aſked, Where her huſband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conſpiracy? reſolutely anſwered, She had hid him. This confeſſion drew her before the king, who told her, nothing but her diſcovering where her Lord was concealed, could ſave her from the torture. And will that do, ſays the lady? Yes, ſays the king, I give you my word for it. Then, ſays ſhe, I have hid him in my heart, where you'll find him; which ſurpriſing anſwer charmed her enemies.

Two gentlemen ſtanding together, as a young lady paſſed by them, ſaid one, There goes the handſomeſt woman I ever ſaw; ſhe hearing him, turned back, and ſeeing him very ugly, ſaid, I wiſh I could, in return, ſay as much by you; So you may, by G—, Madam, ſaid he, and lie as I did.

It was a fine ſaying of my Lord Ruſſel, who was beheaded in the reign of king Charles II. When on the ſcaffold, he delivered his watch to Dr. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Biſhop of Saliſbury; Here, Sir, ſaid he, take this, it ſhews time, I am going into eternity, and ſhall have no longer any need of it.

A countryman ſeeing a lady in the ſtreet in a very odd dreſs, as he thought, begged her to be

pleaſed

pleaſed to tell him what ſhe called it; the lady, a little ſurprized at the queſtion, called him impertinent fellow. Nay, I hope no offence, madam, cried Hodge, I am a poor countryman, juſt going out of town, and my wife always expects I ſhould bring her an account of the neweſt faſhion, which occaſioned my enquiring what you call this that you wear. It is a ſack, ſaid ſhe, in a great pet. "I have heard, replied the countryman, (heartily nettled at her behaviour) of a pig in a poke, but never ſaw a ſow in a ſack before."

A young fellow, whoſe perſon was very handſome, addreſſed a wealthy old widow, who, after a little application, conſented to have him. Boaſting of his ſucceſs among his comrades, he profeſſed it was not her that he deſigned to marry, but her money. She had notice of this declaration, and reſolved to be even with her pretended lover. Accordingly, on the wedding-day, ſhe dreſſed as gayly as if ſhe were really going to be made a bride, and hung a purſe of gold by her ſide, of which ſhe made an extraordinary uſe on the occaſion. She gave her hand to the deceiver with a ſeeming alacrity, and he led her to the ceremony with the appearance of a ſincere affection, while he was inwardly exulting with the hope of the rich prize that he was baſely betraying into his poſſeſſion. He went through his part, we may believe, without the leaſt heſitation; but it was quite otherwiſe with his partner: for, when ſhe was deſired to repeat hers after the Miniſter, ſhe continued ſome time ſilent, hold-

ing forth her purſe only. The parſon preſſing her to ſpeak, and demanding the reaſon of ſuch an odd behaviour, ſhe ſaid,—Sir, the ſcoundrel who ſtands here with me, is an impoſtor, who comes not to eſpouſe me, as he openly avowed, but my fortune. Here is its proxy (pointing to the guineas at her girdle), and he may perſuade it to contract with him, if he can, but I will by no means intrude myſelf into the place of that which is the real object of his purſuit. The villain, who hates my perſon, would make himſelf maſter of my eſtate, and bring me to ruin: I hope therefore you will juſtify my conduct in diſappointing his vile intention, and expoſing him to the ſhame he deſerves.

When Oliver Cromwell firſt coined his money, an old Cavalier looking upon one ſide, God with us; on the other, The Commonwealth of England; I ſee, ſaid he, God and the Commonwealth are on different ſides.

The Counteſs of H—— coming into the dreſſing-room of her daughter, a young lady about fourteen, while ſhe ſat at her toilet, and obſerving her very buſy in ſetting her perſon off to the beſt advantage (herſelf being in full dreſs, and richly adorned with jewels) aſked the girl, What ſhe would give to be as fine as her mamma? To which the other replied, Not quite ſo much as your Ladyſhip would give to be ſo young as I am.

A gentleman named Ball, being about to purchaſe a Cornetcy in a regiment of horſe, was preſented to the Colonel for approbation, who, being

being a Nobleman, declared he did not like the name, and would have no Balls in his regiment: No, nor powder neither, ſaid the gentleman, if your Lordſhip could help it.

Foote, the player and mimick, on ſeeing a man who had very thin arms and legs, with a pot belly, ſaid, in his uſual ſarcaſtic ſpirit, he looked like a greyhound that had got the dropſy.

In a country village, it happened that the 'Squire's Lady came after her lying-in to be churched. The parſon aiming to be complaiſant, and thinking plain woman too familiar; inſtead of ſaying—O Lord, ſave this woman; ſaid, O Lord, ſave this Lady! The Clerk reſolving not to be behind-hand with his maſter, replied, Who putteth her Ladyſhip's truſt in thee.

Governor Johnſtone, having by embaſſy made an alliance with an old Indian Chief, whoſe infirmities rendered him incapable of coming to a Britiſh camp within ſome miles of his dwelling; the General ſent him as a preſent, a caſk of Madeira wine. Some time after, the Governor going to the town belonging to the Chief, aſked him, among other things, how he liked the wine he had ſent him, and what he thought of it; I think, ſaid the old Indian, it muſt be a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions hearts, for after I had drank a bottle of it, I could talk for ever, and fight the Devil.

A School-maſter aſking one of his boys, in a ſharp wintry morning, what was Latin for cold, the boy heſitated a little: What, ſirrah, ſaid he,

can't you tell? Yes, yes, replied the boy, "I have it at my fingers ends."

A certain couple going to Dunmow, in Eſſex, to claim the flitch of bacon, which is to be given to every married pair who can ſwear they have had no diſpute, nor once repined their bargain in a year and a day; the ſteward ready to deliver it, aſked where they would put it; the huſband produced a bag, and told him, In that; That, anſwered the ſteward, is not big enough to hold it; So I told my wife, replied the good man; and I believe we have had an hundred words about it. Ay, ſaid the ſteward, but they were not ſuch as will butter any cabbage to eat with this bacon; and ſo hangs the flitch up again.

Mrs. Green, a moſt excellent comedian, and a woman of ſheer wit and pleaſantry, had lodgings one ſummer in Chatham, wherein ſhe ſuſpected, even to a degree of detection, that the landlady ſtole her coals. She was at a loſs how to prove her, and to make excuſe to quit her houſe; however, ſhe ſent for her up, and began to preface the buſineſs thus: "Alas, dear Madam, do you know that I am the moſt timid creature exiſting, and with the worſt and weakeſt nerves in the world, and that nothing terrifies me ſo much as a ghoſt, and therefore I muſt leave your apartments, for I am certain they are haunted." "Heavens!" exclaimed the woman, "Madam, what do you mean?" "Why, I'll tell you, Madam, laſt night, between light and dark, I ſaw your ghoſt,

ghoſt come out of my cellar with an apron full of my fine round coals."

When Dr. Whitefield went laſt to America, they were overtaken by a prodigious ſtorm; the captain, in reducing the ſails, and bringing the ſhip to a proper ſituation, was under the neceſſity of ſwearing prodigiouſly at the ſailors: theſe oaths greatly alarmed the pious paſſengers, who were all at prayers; they therefore petitioned the Doctor to go and intreat the Captain to conſider his ſoul and to ceaſe ſwearing. The Doctor obeyed their requeſt, and the captain complied. Whitefield then ſat ſtill for ſome time, but not hearing the work go on ſo briſkly as he expected, he went privately upon the deck, and whiſpered the captain to "ſwear again."

When the Doctor was preaching in Tottenham court road, an enthuſiaſtic, deſcriptive ſermon, comparing the ſtate of man to a ſhip at ſea, a preſs-gang came into the chapel, and attended to the diſcourſe with much gravity. "Now," ſays Whitefield, "after your calm and fine weather is over, comes a ſudden ſtorm, you are driven on a lee ſhore, the billows daſh againſt the rocks, and all is horror and death around; your ſails are blown from your yards, your maſts go by the board, you let go your anchors, your very anchor of hope, your cables part; alas! alas! what will ye do?" "Do!" ſays one of the tars, "d—n my eyes, take to the long-boat."

Churchill and Wilkes one day paid a viſit to Lord Le Deſpenſer, at Weſt-Wickham, and his lordſhip ſhewed them all his curioſities and im-

provements, from the four different fronts of his houſe, to his bawdy temple of Venus. After which he carried them to the top of his church, whereon was a large golden ball, that contained four people. When ſeated, he ordered up ſome punch, according to the ſyſtem of religion, as formerly held at Medenham by the holy monks of St. Francis. "Well," ſays my lord, "what think you of it, Wilkes?" "My lord," replied St. John of Ayleſbury, "I am wondering at your lordſhip's genius and invention, for this is the only church that ever I remember, that at once contained and ſupported the *globe tavern*."

The Earl of Cheſterfield was one day invited to dine with the Spaniſh ambaſſador, where he met with the miniſter of France, and the plenipotentiaries of other ſtates. The dinner was ſumptuous and formal. After the meal was over the Spaniard propoſed a toaſt, and begged to give his king under the title of the Sun; the French ambaſſador then gave his, under the deſcription of the Moon. Lord Cheſterfield being aſked for his, replied, "Your excellencies have taken from me all the greateſt luminaries of heaven, and the ſtars are too ſmall for me to make compariſon of my royal maſter; I therefore beg leave to give your excellencies, Joſhua."*

George II. in his paſſage to Holland, was met with a ſtrong contrary wind, within a few leagues of the coaſt, which greatly vexed him; upon that he ſent for captain Campbell—"When ſhall

* And the Sun ſtood ſtill for Joſhua in Gideon.

ſhall I get in, captain? "Upon my word," replied the officer, "It is not to be determined, as the wind is foul." "Well then, ſend me Lord Anſon—When ſhall I get into port, my Lord? "Not to-day, I fear" "Begar, deſe captains do know nothing; ſend me de colonel of the guard here.—Colonel, when do I get in?" "Oh, in leſs than an hour, an' pleaſe your Majeſty." "Dere," ſaid the king, "I ſaid my colonels do know more dan all my ſailors."

In the year 1756, when the kingdom was daily menaced with an invaſion from France, everybody's converſation turned on the flat-bottom boats; upon which the king aſked Lord Anſon, "What be de flat-bottom boats; I do hear and read of nothing elſe?" Lord Anſon therefore brought his Majeſty a model of one, which when he ſaw, he exultingly exclaimed, "By Gar, if dis be de ſhips of de King of France, my ſhips ſhall beat him to de devil."

In the late war, a ſailor and two of his ſhipmates wanted to go from Portſmouth to Peterfield; when one ſtaying behind, deſired the other two to proceed on foot while he went and hired a horſe. When he came to the livery ſtables, the hoſtler brought him out a ſhort-back'd, light galloway, about fourteen hands high. "Zounds," ſays Jack, "this wont do for me! he is too ſhort in the back." "Oh, Sir," replies the hoſtler, "he is the better for that." "Damn him, he won't do, I tell you; get me a horſe with a longer back, for I have two more to take up at the turnpike."

Churchill

Churchill was much afraid of death, and very ſuperſtitious. When he had promiſed Wilkes to meet him at Bologne, he took it into his head he ſhould die, and therefore bade a formal adieu to his mother and all his friends. Juſt before he got into the whiſky, which was elegantly painted with the tree of liberty, and other patriotic devices, he took a friend by the arm, and walking with him on his common, before his houſe, at Acton, he ſuddenly ſtruck his foot againſt a horſe-ſhoe; he pauſed, ſighed, and ſaid, "This is a bad omen!" Going further, and before he had recovered from the ſurpriſe, a raven gave a loud croak, and three times ſtruck at his hat: in aſtoniſhment he ſaid, "This would have turned a Roman army." Then mounting his chaiſe, he added, "I ſhall never ſee you again." He died at Bologne, and was afterwards buried at Dover.

When the late John Duke of Argyle was detained at Inverary, in the highlands of Scotland, on his road to London, by moſt inclement weather, ſome crows were ſeated on a tree before his houſe, to whom his Grace ſaid, "In troth, you're a ſet of doyl'd bodies, for had I wings like ye, I'd fly to a better country."

When Lord Downe embarked on board the Eſſex, with Lord Howe and the Duke of York, for an invaſion of France, in the bay of St. Cas, he was much diſturbed in his ſleep by the ſteerage of the ſhip. The next morning he addreſſed himſelf to the firſt lieutenant thus: "I always took you ſailors to be a ſet of jolly fellows, *bon vivant* bucks; but never imagined you to drink hard, more

more eſpecially at ſea, till laſt night, when one moſt thirſty, unſatisfied fellow, was calling out for *port* all the night long."

Mr. Garrick paying a viſit to Lord Corke, his Lordſhip recommended Mr. Moſſop to him, and expatiated on his abilities; when Mr. Garrick obſerved, his voice was as loud as a bull. "True," replied his lordſhip, applying to lady Corke, "did n't I, my lady, always ſay he roared like a bull?" "But," ſays Garrick, "does not your lordſhip think him obſtinate?" "Yes, he is obſtinate as a mule; did I not, my lady, always ſay, he is obſtinate as a mule?" "Beſides, my lord," ſays Garrick, "he is ſtiff as a poker." "Yes, damn him, my lady," ſays my lord, "I always ſaid he was ſtiff as a poker: but, upon the whole, he is a good player, Mr. Garrick, barring the bull, the mule, and the poker."

Major Labilliere had a pair of colours given him by the Devonſhire family in a very early year of his life, and bearing them one day in the field, when the wind was high, he fell with them. The Ducheſs hearing of this circumſtance, rallied the enſign on the occaſion, and aſked him, what had he done, ſuppoſing they had blown away? when the young ſoldier gallantly replied, "Then I ſhould have followed them, pleaſe your Grace."

John Wilkes, Eſq; when lord-mayor, told this in the Major's preſence, at the anniverſary for Middleſex, held at the George in Chiſwick, upon the 27th of July, 1775; to which he added,

the

the reply was worthy the tongue and ſpirit of Brutus.

Fleetwood, the manager and patentee of Drury-Lane theatre, borrowed 200 l. of Harry Giffard, which his friends hourly preſſed him to get again. One day Paul Whitehead and Victor prevailed on him to go and aſk Fleetwood for it while they waited with an agreeable expectation of his ſucceſs on his return. When he came, they eagerly aſked him, "Well, Harry, have you done it?" "Yes," ſays Giffard, "Well, but how?" "Why he talked ſo well, and promiſed ſo fair, that I have lent him 200 l. more."

When Mr. Forreſt fought the French Fleet off Cape François, with the captains Langdon and Suckling, the French commodore ſent him a card to aſſure him of his forth-coming. So when he appeared with a ſquadron two to one, Forreſt made a ſignal to ſpeak to his two captains; aſking their opinions, and informing them, that he had come out on purpoſe to fight them—what ſay ye to it, gentlemen? "Why, Sir," ſays Suckling, "I think it would be a pity to diſappoint him, ſince he is come on purpoſe." The conſequence was, a ſevere action, in which the French were beaten; and the fight being on a banyan day, one of Suckling's ſailors obſerved, as the French were ſtealing away, "D—n my eyes, how we had beat 'em if it had been beef-day."

When Lieutenant Obrien, (who was afterwards called Sky rocket Jack) was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, he was ſaved on the carriage

riage of a gun, and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he ſaid, with pleaſantry, "I hope, Sir, you will excuſe my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ſhip in ſo great a hurry, that I had not time to ſhift myſelf."

When Admiral Stevens commanded in the Eaſt Indies, he was blown off the coaſt in a hurricane, when the ſhip leaked ſo, they deſpaired of ſaving her; upon that, he ordered the colours to be hoiſted. "Oh, Sir," ſays one of the lieutenants, "its in vain to diſplay them, we cannot get any aſſiſtance." "I know it," ſays the Admiral, "but ſhe ſhall ſink like a king's ſhip, with her colours flying." The ſtorm abated, and they got into port.

The Duke of Cumberland dining with Foote, asked him, what the devil Wilkes and Sawbridge meant to do by the political uproar they were making? "Do!" anſwered Foote, "they mean to put your brother into the Dover coach, and your mother into the baſket, and ſend them both to France."

A gentleman of a very whimſical diſpoſition, and who was an utter enemy to punning and punſters, was ſo tormented by his friends, that he left England in a pet, and went to France to avoid low wit. He ſtayed there three years, and the memory of the offence being quite obliterated, he returned to Dover, when landing from the packet, he met an old friend who had often *pun-iſhed* him ſeverely; mutually happy to acknowledge each other, he aſked the traveller where he came from? "I am juſt returning from

from the banks of the Rhine." To which the other anſwered, " Rhine!—rind of bacon or rind of cheeſe?" The friend hurt at this new perſecution, returned into the packet, and paſſed to France again.

An American gentleman landed in Scotland from New-York, and as he was travelling with his ſervant, a native of Maryland, the fellow ſuddenly exclaimed, " Maſter, this is the fineſt cleared country I ever ſaw; there is not a tree in it."

Lord Sandwich was one day at Huntington races, when a horſe by the name of Satan ran for the plate. Lord Sandwich coming up to a gentleman, ſaid, " Sir, my eyes are not very good, which horſe is firſt? I have bet on Satan." "Aye," replied the other, " you are on the right ſide; the devil is always a friend to your Lordſhip."

A gentleman who had an utter averſion to a pun, met with a friend who knew his diſlike; " Pray," ſays he, " do you know why Hammerſmith is the beſt place to make pickled cucumbers?" " No——how ſhould I?" " I'll tell you; is it not the way to *Turn 'em green?*"

Villaudri, a French officer, in the times of the civil wars of France, and who ſerved under the famous Duke of Guiſe, was reproached by the Duke, that though he was well armed at all points, he had never made his appearance during the whole time of the battle which they had fought. Villaudri, who had more of Jack Falſtaff in him than of Hotſpur, thought it beſt to diſarm the Duke's anger by a joke. " I tell your Grace,"

Grace," ſays he, "I was preſent at the battle, and at a place where you durſt not appear." The Duke was going to reply in a rage, when Villaudri appeaſed him, by telling him, "I was at the baggage, a place where I am ſure your courage would not ſuffer you to hide yourſelf."

Prior, the miniſter and poet, would conſtantly go, for ſeveral years, after having ſpent the evening with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, &c. to drink a pot and ſmoke a pipe with a common ſoldier and his wife in Long-Acre; and he left theſe people his fortune of three or four thouſand pounds when he died.

Doctor Blackburn (afterwards Archbiſhop of York) in the early part of his life was an active buccaneer in the Weſt Indies. In one of their cruizes, the firſt lieutenant, having a diſpute with him, told him, that if it was not for his gown, he ſhould treat him in a different manner. "Oh," ſays Blackburn, "that need be no hindrance, as it is eaſily thrown off——and now I am your man." Upon this it was agreed, that they ſhould fight on a ſmall iſland, where the ſhip lay, and that he who fell ſhould be rolled into the ſea, as if walking on the cliff his foot had ſlipped, and he had tumbled in. The lieutenant fell—Blackburn began rolling him down one or two declivities: but juſt as they came to the laſt, the lieutenant came to himſelf, and cried out, "For God's ſake, hold your hand!" "Ah," ſays his antagoniſt, "you juſt ſpoke in time, for you had but one more leap to the bottom."

At the repreſentation of the firſt part of Henry IV. at the Hay-market, the audience appeared as diſſatisfied with Hotſpur, as they were delighted with Falſtaff;* and indeed the character of the former ſeemed reverſed from the original; a gentleman in the box was obſerved to be equally attentive and ſilent, and on the concluſion of the play, or rather on the death of Hotſpur, being aſked what he thought of Mr Smith, replied, *De mortuis nil niſi bonum.*

A gentleman of the name of Aſh, being overtaken by a violent ſtorm of rain, took refuge in an inn, but not before he was quite wet through. On getting into a room, he called to one of the waiters, "Here, fellow, help me off with my coat." "You'll excuſe me, Sir," ſays the waiter, who knew him, "it is contrary to act of Parliament to *ſtrip Aſh.*"

In a company where Mr. Macpherſon and a certain bookſeller happened to be preſent, the converſation turned upon the infamous tranſlation of Homer, written by the former gentleman. Some of the company having attacked it, the tranſlator defended it as well as he could, and ſaid that it would always keep its place in the world. "Aye, ſo it will, Mr. Mac," replied the bookſeller, "for I had but one copy of it from the beginning, and I'll be damn'd but it has kept its place on my ſhelf till this very hour, and I ſuppoſe will to the laſt hour of my buſineſs."

A

* Mr. Henderſon.

A certain author of this age dreſſed himſelf like a gentleman, and went very confidently to pay his addreſſes to a young lady of family and fortune in F— Street. Her friends having enquired of him who he was, he aſſured them that he was a gentleman, and that though at preſent he could not boaſt much of his actual poſſeſſions, he had very great and very flattering proſpects in life; for which he referred them to a certain printer. Arrived at the printer's, they enquired whether Mr. Such a-one had any great proſpects in life, as he mentioned? "Yes," replied the printer, "he poſſeſſes one very fine proſpect." What was that? "Oh, Sir," rejoined the printer, "he has a proſpect of fifty miles at leaſt from his garret window."

The late Mr. Moſſop playing the character of Macbeth, in Dublin, to a very crowded audience, who by repeated plaudits expreſſed their approbation until the fourth act, when the following whimſical circumſtance ſo far deſtroyed his feelings, as to be ſcarce tolerable the remainder of the performance; when he addreſſed one of the murderers in theſe words, "There's blood upon thy face;" the tone and countenance with which they were delivered, entirely confounded the poor murderer, who directly exclaimed, "Is there by God!" and pulled out his handkerchief to wipe it off.

Some years ago it happened that Doctor Smollet was in company with about a dozen gentlemen, at the London tavern, both Engliſh and Scotch. The converſation turned upon the height

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of power to which the Scotch had arrived in the preſent reign; and by a natural tranſition upon the abilities of the Scotch. "It appears to me," ſays an Engliſh gentleman, "that the Scotch in general are extremely ingenious, ſubtle and learned, if we may judge from thoſe of that country among us; for upon my word, I don't know a Scotchman a fool in London. "That may very well be," replied the Doctor, "and yet ſtand as no proof of their univerſal character; for you muſt know, there are two offices of inquiſition erected at the ſouthern boundary of Scotland, upon the two great leading roads, where every Scotchman undergoes an examination previous to his entering England. If he it found capable of living among you as Scotchmen have lately lived, he paſſes: if not, they ſend him back again." A Scotch gentleman, not overſtocked with wit, obſerved with a ſerious air, that he had paſſed over land into England, and ſaw no ſuch office. "Oh, then, by God," replies the Doctor, "you was ſmuggled in."

A gentleman dreſſed in the character of Adam at the maſquerade, another aſked him, how Cain, his eldeſt ſon, came to be ſo black, when he was naturally ſo fair? "Sir," ſays Adam, "don't you know the devil cuckolded me?"

An Iriſh gentleman having drank very much one evening, complained violently the ſucceeding morning of thirſt, and in a ſimple exclamation cried, "By Jeſus, if I had thought I ſhould have been ſo dry to-day, but I would have drank more laſt night."

A

A gentleman coming booted and ſpurred into the pit, at the pantomime of Orpheus and Eurydice, ſtuck a gentleman into the legs, and after begging pardon, aſked what the performance was: to which the punſter anſwered, "You rid I ſee!"

Swift meeting a farmer with a black horſe in a halter, ſaid, "Honeſt man, how can you uſe your horſe ſo ill, to make him black in the face?" When the farmer replied, "Ah, Maiſter? had you looked as long through a halter as he has, you would be black in the face too."

When Voltaire was in England, he viſited the ingenious Dr. Young, author of the Night-Thoughts, &c. when Voltaire began a ſevere criticiſm on Milton and his Paradiſe-Loſt, which Young being unable to bear, he ſtarted up in a violent rage, and ſaid,

"You are ſo ugly, pert and thin,
"You're Milton's Devil, Death and Sin."

A young man was brought ſome time ago witneſs in a cauſe before Lord Mansfield, in which Mr. Dunning was counſel. When the lad had received the oath, he asked his name; "Dick Rigby, Sir," anſwered the boy. "And pray how do you live, Dick?" "Why I live as you do, Mr. Dunning, by my wits." "By your wits! I am ſurpriſed how you can live upon ſo ſcanty a proviſion." "And I am ſurpriſed I confeſs," replies the boy, "to ſee you ſo fat."

When

When David Garrick firſt went over to France, he was ſeen obſerving with great attention, ſome children playing in the ſtreets of Calais, when a gentleman accoſted him, "What is it that draws your attention thus, David?" "Why," ſays Garrick, "I am amazed to hear theſe little things ſpeak the French language with ſuch fluency."

Thoſe in the leaſt acquainted in the literary world, muſt have known that Bonnel Thornton was a man of wit and humour, and, like moſt men poſſeſſed of ſuch talents, fond of ſitting up late at night, and conſequently lying late in bed in the morning: and one of thoſe days that he was recovering his laſt night's debauch, his aunt called to him, and finding him in bed ſo late, read him a long lecture on diſſipation, which ſhe concluded, by aſſuring him, ſuch a life would ſoon ſhorten his days. "Very true, Madam," ſays the other, who liſtened very patiently to her the whole time; "but what is juſt the ſame thing, it will lengthen my nights."

On Shakeſpeare's monument, in Weſtminſter-abbey, is inſcribed, *Amor publicus poſuit*. Dr Mead objected to the word *amor*, as not occuring in old claſſical inſcriptions: but Mr. Pope, and the other gentlemen concerned, inſiſting that it ſhould ſtand, Dr Mead yielded the point, ſaying, *Omnia vincit amor, & nos cedamus amori.*

When General Preſcot was ſtolen from his bed, lulled in the arms of a provincial beauty, who with a patriot ſpirit had exerted her arts and charms

charms to seduce the soldier and betray him; When the General was brought to the boat, the Serjeant took the blanket from his back, and gave him his cloaths, which after the General had put on, he exclaimed, "But, Serjeant, where is my watch?" To which the Serjeant sarcastically replied, "I believe, General, *you kept no watch.*"

Some time ago, the Rev. Mr. Kelly, curate of the English chapel in the town of Ayr, preached from the well-known and beautiful parable of "the man that fell among thieves." He took occasion to be particularly severe upon the conduct of the priest that saw him, and ministered not unto him, but passed along on the opposite side of the way: in an animated and pathetic pathos, he exclaimed, "What! Not even the servant of the Almighty! He whose tongue was engaged in the work of charity, whose bosom was appointed the residence of love, whose heart the emblem of pity, whose soul the brazen serpent of disease, did he refuse to stretch forth his hand, and to pull the mantle from his shoulders, and cover the nakedness of woe! then, if he refused, if the shepherd went astray, what miracle, if the flock followed?" Such were the precepts of this teacher; and we doubt not, but every religious guide would have said the same; mark, however, the comment upon this text, and let every clergyman consider if he would have impressed with equal force, by example, what he taught by precept. The next day the river was very much swelled; a boy, in a small boat, was swept overboard by the force of the current, and though

a great concourſe of people was aſſembled on the bank, none of them attempted to ſave him, when Mr. Kelly from his chamber window, which over-hung the river, threw himſelf, dreſſed as he was in his canonicals, into the current, and, at the hazard of his own life, ſaved that of the boy.

Some time ago, a gentleman, and a man of wit, having the misfortune to take up his abode at a ſpunging-houſe, like a true philoſopher, he endeavoured to make his ſituation as agreeable as poſſible; he therefore one day, out of a whim, ſent cards of invitation to all the bailiffs who frequented the houſe, to come and dine with him. They accordingly came, and being called upon for a toaſt, gave, "The d—l ride rough-ſhod over the raſcally part of the creation." When every body was going to drink the toaſt, the gentleman at the bottom of the table cried out, "Stop, gentlemen, every man fill a bumper."—"Oh, there's no occaſion for that," ſays one of the company; "Yes, but there is," ſays another, "conſider, 'tis a family toaſt, and ought to be done juſtice to."

An officer, who was more remarkable for bragging than courage, ſaid, in an aſſembly of ladies, "I will give any body ten guineas that will ſhew me a maiden in all this company." A young gentlewoman, who was reſolved to avenge the affront offered to her and her companions, ſaid ſmartly, "Sir, I will ſhew you one for nothing." "I ſhall be glad," he replied, "to know her." "Look upon your ſword, Captain," repli-

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ed the lady, "I am ſure that it is a maiden, for it never ſhed blood."

Some time ago, Dean B—, who is a very exemplary and popular clergyman in Dublin, and who intereſts himſelf much in public charities, ſent a meſſage to Miſs Catley, requeſting her to give him a night for that purpoſe in one of the public gardens. Catley, who is generally good natured enough not to refuſe any act of charity, (though in the preſent caſe ſhe found, from the variety of her engagements ſhe could not comply) pretended to underſtand him in a different light, and in conſequence wrote him the following note, which ſoon found its way into moſt of the fathionable aſſemblies about town:

"Miſs Catley preſents her compliments to Dean B—, and acquaints him, from the nature of her preſent connection, ſhe cannot (agreeable to his requeſt) give the Dean a night; ſhe begs leave, at the ſame time to acquaint him, ſhould this connection be diſſolved, ſhe does not know any gentleman of the cloth ſhe would ſooner indulge, but hopes that decency will prevent the Dean from fixing on a public garden for the rendezvous."

We hear that Lady B— is very anxious to have all her running horſes entered in her name, in preference to her huſband's—Being told of the impropriety of it by a female frend, ſhe pettiſhly replied, "Not at all; why ſhould not I be indulged as well as him; he never enters any thing for me?"

Thoſe in the leaſt acquainted with the private

character of Doctor Goldſmith knew that œconomy and foreſight were not among the catalogue of his virtues. In the ſuite of his penſioners (and he generally enlarged his liſt as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of ſcribbling memory, who had ſerved the Doctor ſo many tricks, that he deſpaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a *chef-d'œuvre* once for all. He accordingly called on the Doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made. "How ſo, Jack?" ſays the Doctor. "Why," ſays Jack, "the Ducheſs of Marlborough, you muſt know, has long had a ſtrange *penchant* for a pair of white mice; now, as I knew they were ſometimes to be had in the Eaſt Indies, I commiſſioned a friend of mine, who was going out there, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the moſt beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finiſhed this account with a tranſport of joy, he lengthened his viſage, by telling the Doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not preſent them. The Doctor unfortunately, as he ſaid himſelf, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his ſcheme; he perceived the Doctor's watch hanging up in the room, and after premiſing on the indelicacy of the propoſal, hinted, that if he could ſpare that watch for a week, he could raiſe a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude. The Doctor

tor would not be the means of ſpoiling a man's fortune for ſuch a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him, which Jack immediately took to the pawn-broker's, raiſed what he could on it, and never once looked after the Doctor, till he ſent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed, which the other, under ſuch a circumſtance, very generouſly ſent him.

When Dr. Johnſon made the tour of Scotland, Mr. Boſwell took him to the caſtle-hill at Edinburgh, to ſhew him the proſpect; and while he was expatiating on its beauties, Johnſon turned round, and ſaid, "Sir, the beſt proſpect that I behold from this ſpot is the high road to England."

During Cromwell's protectorſhip when it was become dangerous for any body to leave the kingdom without his leave, a young nobleman, entirely in the intereſt of Charles, came to pay his reſpects, and obtain leave to go to France. The Protector, with his uſual ſolemnity of countenance, ſaid, "Well, let me ſee you again in three months; but don't ſee Charles Stuart," (meaning the baniſhed prince.) "I will not, upon my honour," replied the Lord. The nobleman returned before the time of leave expired, and coming to pay his duty, Oliver ſnatched his hat, the lining of which he tore out, and found ſeveral letters and papers directed to the friends of Charles. "Oh, ſhame!" ſaid he, "is this the way the Engliſh nobles keep their honour? Did not you promiſe me not to ſee Charles Stuart?"

art?" "I never did," ſaid the nobleman. "Then who put out the candle?" replied Oliver. For the Protector had cunningly contrived to put a ſpy on the nobleman, who told him the manner of their meeting.

At Covent-garden, a gentleman, who was unhappily ſituated in one of the ſide-boxes, behind ſome ladies with moſt enormous tetes, was entirely deprived of the pleaſure he expected from the performance, as he could not have the leaſt glimpſe of it: thoroughly vexed at the diſappointment, he begged to know of the lady who ſat immediately before him, how ſhe could think of raiſing her head ſo immenſely, as ſhe muſt be ſenſible, the gentleman who ſhould happen to ſit behind her could not ſee the ſtage. "Oh, Sir!" anſwered the Lady, "I love to "make the gentlemen ſtand."

A warm friend to the American war, and to the Adelphian conductors of it, was the other morning, at the Antigallican, running out in praiſe of the prudent conduct of General Howe, who, by thus ſaving the blood of his men, he ſaid, deſerved to be called the immortal General. "Immortal," echoed a gentleman preſent; "why immortal?" "Oh, dear Sir," ſays a wag in the corner, "for the beſt reaſon in the "world; has not he been this long time in the "clouds?"

The celebrated Nan Catley, as famous for her humour as for her voice, arriving in town from Ireland, was ſent for by Mr. Garrick, to be engaged at his theatre; but Miſs Catley aſking

ing a moſt enormous ſum, Mr. Garrick heſitated a while, and then ſaid, there was a circumſtance to be conſidered in ſo great a ſalary, for that ſhe might not be able to play the whole ſeaſon, "Why ſo, Sir?" ſays Nan. "Why, Madam," replied the manager, "as you are juſt come from Ireland, you may, perhaps, be with child." "Oh, no," replied the nymph, "there is no danger of that, for they do it there beyond conception."

In the play of the Fair Penitent, Lothario is killed by Altamont in the fourth act. His corpſe is ſuppoſed to be exhibited in that diſmal ſcene which opens the fifth act of the play, where poor Caliſta is ſurrounded by chapleſs ſkulls, bones, and every object that can excite repentance, contrition and horror. The ſupporting the dignity of this character generally falls to one of the loweſt claſs in the theatre. Booth acted Lothario, and his footman Will was his dead repreſentative. This great actor, who was ſometimes ſubject to abſence of mind, remembered when he was undreſſed, that he wanted his ſervant to attend him home, and called out loudly, "Will! where are you?" Will heard his maſter's voice, and anſwered as loudly, "Here, Sir! I am coming;" and marched off with the ſhroud upon his back, amidſt the loudeſt applauſes that were ever heard in the theatre. Even Mrs. Oldfield, who was the Caliſta, was inſenſibly drawn into a ſmile, and the play ended immediately with repeated burſts of laughter.

The celebrated Mr. Quin, who was a great

lover of the John-Dorey, uſed to go once a-year to Plymouth, to regale himſelf on that fiſh, and always frequented the Exeter-Arms, then kept by one Herbert, who never failed to make Quin pay moſt dearly for his diſh; however, when his gueſt departed, the hoſt always requeſted to attend him the firſt ſtage, which was complied with; and when he was about to take his leave, Quin ſaid, "Mr. Herbert, I have been robbed; what is the road-word, I pray ye?" To which the landlord waggiſhly anſwered, "John Dorey, Sir."

Quin, who had quarrelled with Rich, the patentee of Covent garden theatre, went down in a pet to Bath; but there cooling upon it, and thinking Rich wanted him, he wrote the following laconic letter:

Sir,

I am at Bath,

John Quin.

Which Rich thus anſwered:

Sir,

Stay there and be damned.

John Rich.

Lord Lyttleton was complaining with a great degree of petulance, at the regatta, at Ranelagh, on ſuch a great number of people having got in; "Your complaint is very true," ſays a gentleman by him, "but does not your Lordſhip think that there is a greater number taken in?"

A gentleman aſked Dr. Johnſon his opinion of M'Pherſon's poem of *Fingal*; and whether there

there were *many* in theſe kingdoms that could produce ſuch another?" "Yes," replied the Doctor, "many men, many women, and many children."

Mr. Churchill, who was remarkable for his generoſity, was walking with a friend acroſs Kew-green, when a beggar aſked his charity; Churchill gave him a guinea. The friend rebuked him for being ſo laviſh, as he knew he was not poſſeſſed of another; when the bard replied, "When I do give any thing, I like to make the human heart leap for joy."

A very ugly, rude, ignorant, diſagreeable fellow being in company with ſome people of an oppoſite diſpoſition and appearance, and he leaving them abruptly, one with much calmneſs obſerved, he was very like Shakeſpeare! "Shakeſpeare!" cried the company in amazement! "He, a wretch, like Shakeſpeare! Pray, Sir, how? explain yourſelf" "So I will, if you will be leſs violent: he is thus like Shakeſpeare, we ne'er ſhall look upon his like again."

A ſailor coming acroſs Blackheath one evening, was ſtopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a ſcuffle enſuing, the tar took the robber, who meeting ſome people, they perſuaded him to bear away with his prize to the juſtice of peace at Woolwich, which the tar did; and when the magiſtrate came to examine into the aſſault, he ſaid, he muſt take his oath, that he put him in bodily fear, otherwiſe he could not commit the man. The ſailor looking ſtedfaſtly at the juſtice, anſwered, "He, damn

him, he put me in bodily fear! No; nor any that ever yet lived; therefore, ifthat is to be the caſe, you may let him go, for damn me if I ſwear to ſuch a lie."

When Lord Hume commanded the garriſon of Gibraltar, the cruizers of Algiers had carried many Engliſh veſſels into that port; expoſtulations had paſſed in vain on the part of the Engliſh. At length his Excellency ſent Mr. Keppel, to inform the Dey, that unleſs he made immediate reſtitution of his captures, he would burn the place. "Pray," ſays the Dey, "what would it coſt the Engliſh to execute ſuch a plan?" "Why," ſays Mr. Keppel, "about 60,000l." "That is a great deal of money," ſays the Dey; "then give my compliments, Sir, to the Governor, and to ſave him a deal of pains and trouble, tell him, for half the money I'll burn the town myſelf."

The late Captain Patrick Beard, of the navy, a man as celebrated for humour and wit, as for his claſſic learning, who had experienced a variety of viciſſitudes of life, and acted in the capacity of ſailor, prieſt of the Roman church, pilgrim, &c. was commanded to the coaſt of Guinea, where he viſited all the black princes, with preſents from the Crown; among the reſt, King Tom, of Anamaboo: but when introduced to his Majeſty, he found him ſeated croſs-leg on a throne of mud, ſurrounded with half naked nobles, with a laced coat on, without ſhirt or breeches, and a dirty red night cap on his head. Captain Beard wore a full-powdered wig, and when

when introduced to the King, his Majeſty roſe, ſhook his head, ſpluttered ſome ſtrange jargon, and threw the greaſy cap in his face; Mr. Beard, a little ſurprized at the oddity of this ſalute, after ſome recollection, ſpluttered again in a ſimilar jargon, and daſhed his great white wig in the black fellow's face. This ſet them all a-laughing, and made him and King Tom the beſt friends.

The ſame officer, in the action of Quiberon-bay, (in which he behaved with moſt intrepid gallantry) loſt his finger, when he humorouſly walked up and down the deck, ſaying, "Damn the French raſcals, I'll be up with them; tho' they have ſpoiled me for playing the flute, I have plenty of fingers left to draw a trigger."

During the time of the attack on Sullivan's iſland, General Lee was one day reconnoitring the communication made by the bridge of boats between that place and the continent. As the balls whiſtled about in abundance, he obſerved one of his aid-de-camps, a very young man, ſhrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, wiſhed to evade, if poſſible, the ſhot. "'Sdeath, Sir," cried Lee, "what do you mean? Do you dodge? Do you know that the King of Pruſſia loſt above a hundred aid-de-camps in one campaign?" "So I underſtand, Sir," replied the young officer, "but I did not think you could ſpare ſo many."

Lady Dinely of Charlton, who had a fine ruby countenance, once charged a female ſervant with ſtealing ſome of her jewels. Foote, who

happened to be preſent, ſaid, " I believe the girl is innocent." " Innocent!" exclaimed Lady Dinely, " I am ſure ſhe is guilty by her bluſhing." " Bluſhing!" ſays Foote, " poh! 'tis only the reflection of your Ladyſhip's face."

Dr. B—, juſt after he had finiſhed a treatiſe on a particular ſubject, ſaid to Mr. Foote, " I want to publiſh this treatiſe of mine, but have already too many irons in the fire; what would you have me do, Sam?" " Do!" replied Foote, " why throw your treatiſes into the fire with your irons, for d—n me if they are fit for any thing elſe."

A gentleman was obſerving, that it was hard that Mr. Wilkes ſhould go unrewarded, after having ſerved a long apprenticeſhip to patriotiſm. " True," ſaid another; " but he is now out of his time."

When the celebrated Dr. Stillingfleet preached at court before King Charles the Second, he always read his ſermon, though it is well known, that elſewhere he preached extempore. The King, after thanking him one day for his excellent diſcourſe, aſked the reaſon why he made ſuch a diſtinction between the court and his own pariſhioners, as to preach to the latter without book, and to read his ſermon to the former. " And may it pleaſe your Majeſty," ſaid the Doctor, " when I am in the royal chapel, I find myſelf in another world; I have the eyes of your Majeſty, and of all the lords and ladies of the court upon me, and it becomes me to weigh every word I utter. And now ſhall I beg your Majeſty

Majeſty to anſwer me a queſtion ?" " With all my heart," ſaid the Monarch. " Your Majeſty's ſpeeches are very ſhort, and yet you always read them, and never take your eyes off the paper till you have finiſhed : pray tell me your reaſons." Why, my good Doctor," ſaid the King, " I never make a ſpeech to my people without aſking them for money, and I am aſhamed to look them in the face."

A gentleman being long confined to his bed by a very ſevere fit of the gout, the ſweepers were employed to clean the chimnies of the houſe next to him, and one of the boys by miſtake came down into the gentleman's apartment. The boy confuſed at this miſtake, ſeeing the gentleman in bed, ſaid, " Sir, my maſter will come preſently." " Will he, by G— !" ſays the gentleman, leaping out of bed ; " I beg to be excuſed ſtaying here any longer then."

In the year 1777, after a long report of a victory obtained by Sir W. Howe over the Fabian general Waſhington ; among the reſt of the diſpatches, one was ſaid to have come in the *Iſis*, that was ſpoke with at ſea : but this ſhip not coming in according to expectation, Mr. Rigby took occaſion to obſerve to Lord Germaine, that he hoped the news was true, as he had a confirmation of the *Iſis* being arrived in the *Thames*. " Aye !" ſays my Lord, exulting, " when and where !" " Why, my Lord," anſwers the other, " above Oxford."

Mr. Charles Fox had a room in his houſe, called the Jeruſalem-chamber, where the various

ous Jews he employed uſed to be put. He one day convened a whole ſynagogue, to communicate a ſtate of his affairs, which he was deſirous of ſettling, and bade them fix a day, which they out of politeneſs declined, and left it to him. "Well then," ſays he, "Gentlemen of Judea, let it be on the day of judgment; no, upon ſecond thoughts, that will be rather a day of too much hurry, and ſo let it be poſtponed till the day following.

A captain of the navy repeating the following line to Lord Sandwich at the naval review, his Lordſhip aſked a tranſlation.

"*Do tibi* naumachiam—*tu das epigrammata nobis.*"

My Lord, you give a fight in ſham,
A Spithead fight, not worth a damn,
And there, my Lord's, my epigram."

Lord S— aſked the ſame ſea-wag, if the general canonading did not put him in mind of hell. "Indeed, my Lord," ſays he, "I know the country but by tradition, yet I think it like, and your Lordſhip much reſembles the devil in the midſt of it."

When the late Lord Northington was alive, he wore the Tyburn bob wigs, and being very luſty, and ſweating much, he uſed often to change them; coming into the houſe one day, where a female viſitor was ſitting, he called to the ſervant, "Bring me what the ladies don't like." "What's that?" ſays the lady, repeating it ſeveral times. "Why, Madam," ſays my

my Lord, "if you muſt know, it is a dry bob-wig."

When Lord Anſon beat the French, in the celebrated battle of the *May-fleet*, Sir P. Dennis commanded the Centurion, and after the engagement he took the *Glory* prize in tow, on which the captain of her made this obſervation, *Monſieur, vous avez gagné la victoire, & la Gloire vous ſuive.*"

A little before the late Lord Tyrawley died, he was lamenting to my Lord Cheſterfield, that he had not regretted leaving the world at any other period ſo much as this. "Why ſo?" ſays Lord Cheſterfield. "Becauſe, my dear Lord," anſwers Tyrawley, "the new pavement hath made intriguing ſo eaſy, and inoculation hath ſo improved the beauty of the women, that to leave theſe happy certainties for thoſe diſtant uncertainties, puzzles the will, and makes me hate the very idea of dying."

A gentleman who was very tall, walking cloſe to the girandole in a drawing-room, his hair was near taking the candle; when a lady obſerving it, called out, "Sir, you will burn your hair!" To which he replied with great gravity, "I thank you, Madam, your attention has ſaved me from being light-headed."

When Moſſop the tragedian died, his circumſtances were in a reduced ſtate, and on examining his breeches, a penny was only found in his pocket. This particular a gentleman was relating with ſome emotions of diſtreſs and pity

to

to Foote, when the wag replied, " Why, Sir, you can't ſay then, that he died *pennyleſs*.

When the club of the *ſçavoir-vivre* gave a *regatta* at Ranelagh, a temple was erected in the garden in honour of Neptune, with a number of various-coloured ſtreamers hanging from the roof of it. When Foote came in, and ſaw theſe pendants, " Oh," ſays he, " this explains to me the etymology of the word, I find it is *ragg-at-a*."

Mr. Wilkes and Churchill were invited by the Earl of Temple to Stow; when they came there, ſome of the company inſinuated, that the dairy maid was one of the greateſt beauties of the country. Churchill hearing this, was ſo impatient to ſee her, that he left the table before the dinner was over, and returned with his wig pulled all to pieces, and his fat cheeks ſlapped in ſuch a manner, that they were as red as bull beef. His Lordſhip knowing the humour of the wench, winked to Churchill not to ſay any thing, which he readily taking, whiſpered to Wilkes, that he had ſeen her, and ſhe would eaſily comply with his deſires, being an amazing fine girl. Wilkes ſat very uneaſy; at laſt he roſe and haſtened to the dairy, and from Churchill's recommendation, he began to be very familiar with her at once; this exaſperated the maiden, and ſhe beat poor Wilkes in ſuch a manner, that when he returned to the company, his diſheveled locks confeſſed the engagement he had been in. Though this girl was aſſailed by every young nobleman who came to Stowe, yet ſhe reſiſted

all

all their bribes and importunities, and at laſt bore a baſtard child to the helper of the ſtable, who had but one eye and one leg.

A whimſical, funny old fellow uſed often to rail at the very long pompous epitaphs placed over the bodies of unworthy men; he therefore ordered his grave to be covered with briars and nettles, and only one word marked on the ſtone by way of epitaph. After he had been buried ſome years, the briars were dug up to clear the ground, when the ſtone was diſcovered, with the word "Snug."

An *Engliſhman* and an *Iriſhman* were condemned for Piracy For that crime they are generally executed near a river. The *Engliſhman* was to ſuffer firſt, but by ſome accident the rope ſlipped, and he fell into the water. Being an excellent ſwimmer, he ſwam to the other ſide of the river, and made his eſcape The *Iriſhman*, ſeeing what had happened, begged of the executioner to tie his rope faſt: "For, (ſays he) if it ſhould chance to ſlip, I ſhall certainly loſe my life, for I cannot ſwim."

Charles the ſecond, (after his memorable defeat at Worceſter,) was obliged, for ſome time, to lurk about in diſguiſe. One day he was ſheltered from the inclemency of the weather in a houſe where, to his unſpeakable joy, he was allowed not only to warm, but dry himſelf. The cook-maid was a jolly, and, what is more, fine wench, and Charles, even in his ruſtic garb had the addreſs to ingratiate himſelf with her Of the conſequences of this commerce, fame belies

the

the merry monarch, if there are not at this time ſome illuſtrious proofs. Be this as it will, after his Majeſty had been a few days in the inn, the familiarity between him and his Inamorata was ſo fully eſtabliſhed, that a joint of meat being at the fire on a certain occaſion, when the cook happened to be called from her ſtation, the care of the jack was committed to the royal Lothario. But the poor monarch found himſelf unequal to the taſk of winding up the jack; never had he ſeen the operation performed. She flew into a violent paſſion. 'You lazy lubberly dog (exclaimed ſhe, giving the King a moſt unmerciful blow) where have you lived all your days, not to be able to wind up a jack?' Such indeed was her anger, that it is moreover reported, his Majeſty was never more allowed amorous dalliance with his *quondam* willing fair.

An Iriſhman wanting to croſs the water, aſked a waterman, what he would have to carry him to the other ſide: The man ſaid, "Two pence." "Arrah, my dear Honey," replied the Iriſhman, "that I will give you with all my heart." The man rowed him over; and, when they were landed, the Iriſhman gave him two pence, and aſked him, If he was now on the other ſide of the water? "No, Sir," anſwered the waterman, "you are on this ſide the water:" "Then," ſays the Iriſhman, "what ſhall I give you to carry me to the other ſide?" "Two pence," replied the waterman. "Arrah now, Honey, and will you be ſure to carry me to the other ſide of the water for that?" ſaid the Iriſhman. The man

aſſured

aſſured him he would, and accordingly rowed him back again. Being landed, the Iriſhman gave him two-pence, and then aſked him, if he was ſure he was now on the other ſide of the water? The man replied, "No, Sir, you are on this ſide the water." "Why then, joy," ſaid the Iriſhman, "I perceive you are an arrant fool; therefore I'll go to Black-Fryars, and walk over the bridge: for I find there is no getting on the other ſide of the water, but only by land carriage."

A gentleman talking of his travels, a Lady in company ſaid, ſhe had been a great deal farther, and ſeen more countries than he. "Nay then, Madam," replied the gentleman, as travellers, we may *lie* together by authority."

Some gentlemen being in company with an Iriſh perſon of fortune, in a good humour'd way, laid a dozen of claret, that he would make a bull before he went to bed, and to induce him the more to do it, propoſed that he ſhould mention all the ſigns of the bull in that town, which he ſaid were ſeven; as they knew there was but ſix, they imagined they had him at the beſt; after he had repeated ſix, he pauſed and they deſired to know where the ſeventh was, by J—ſ—s, ſays he, I had forgot the *red cow*, at the bridge foot; at which with a loud laugh, they ſaid, that's *a bull*, then replied the Iriſhman, upon my conſcience, I've won the wager, for you made it *a bull*, and not me, at all, at all.

A ſea captain being juſt come a-ſhore, was invited by ſome gentlemen to a hunting-match. After the ſport was over, he gave his friends this particular account of what paſtime he had: "Our horſes being compleatly rigged, we manned them; and the wind being at S. W. twenty of us being in company, away we ſet over the Downs. In the time of half a watch we ſpied a hare under a full gale. We tacked and ſtood after her; coming up cloſe ſhe tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; but getting cloſe off, I ſtood after her again: But, as the devil would have it, being juſt about to lay her a-board, bearing too much wind, I and my horſe overſet, and came in keel upwards."

A Welchman ſeeing his maſter tearing ſome letters, "Pray, Sir, give hur one, ſays he, no matter which, to ſend to hur friends, for they have not heard from hur a great while."

Beau Nash was one evening employed in collecting money for the Bath hoſpital. A lady entered, who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity; and not being able to paſs by him unobſerved, ſhe gave him a pat with her fan, and ſaid, "You muſt put down a trifle for me, Naſh, for I have no money in my pocket." "Yes, Madam, ſays he, that I will with pleaſure, if your grace will tell me when to ſtop;" Then taking an handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, one, two, three, four, five. "Hold! hold! ſays the Ducheſs, conſider what you are about!"

about!" "Conſider your rank and fortune, Madam, ſays Naſh," and continued telling, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, ten. Here the Ducheſs called again, and ſeem'd angry. "Pray compoſe yourſelf, Madam, cried Naſh, and don't interrupt the work of charity;" eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. Here the Ducheſs ſtormed, and caught hold of his hand. "Peace, Madam, ſays Naſh; you ſhall have your name written in letters of gold, Madam, and upon the front of the building, Madam;" ſixteen, ſeventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." "I won't pay a farthing more, ſays the Ducheſs." "Charity hides a multitude of ſins, replies Naſh;" twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five. "Naſh, ſays ſhe, I proteſt you frighten me out of my wits. L—d, I ſhall die!" "Madam, you will never die with doing good; and if you do, it will be the better for you, anſwered Naſh," and was about to proceed; but perceiving her Grace had loſt all patience, a parley enſued: when he, after much altercation, agreed to ſtop his hand, and compound with her Grace for thirty guineas. The Ducheſs, however, ſeemed diſpleaſed the whole evening; and, when he came to the table where ſhe was playing, bid him, "ſtand farther off, an ugly devil, for ſhe hated the ſight of him." But her Grace afterwards having a run of good luck, called Naſh to her: "Come, ſays ſhe, I will be friends with you, though you are a fool, and to let you ſee I am not angry, there are ten guineas more for your charity."

A countryman going with ſome friends to Vauxhall, was aſked, as they were returning home, how he liked it? He replied, "It is a huge fine place! has many pretty pictures, and a power of glaſs lights! But what pleaſed me beſt of all, was, that the gentlemen and ladies in the gallery," (meaning the orcheſtra) "were ſo very obliging as to fiddle and ſing, to divert the company."

In Admiral Hawke's laſt engagement with the French, a ſailor on board one of the ſhips had a leg ſhot off, whereupon one of his Meſs-mates took him down to the ſurgeon, and at the ſame time took his leg off the deck, and put it under his arm; he was no ſooner brought down, but another of his Meſs-mates began, ſhaking his head, and telling him, he was very ſorry he had loſt his leg. That's a d——m'd lye, ye ſon of a b—h, reply'd he, for ſee here, I have got it under my arm.

A DIVERTING DREAM.

'Methought I ſaw a town in this iſland, which 'ſhall be nameleſs, inveſted on every ſide, and 'the inhabitants of it ſo ſtraitened as to cry for 'quarter. The General refuſed any other terms 'than thoſe granted to the German town 'of Henſburg, namely, that the married women 'might come out with what they could bring a-'long with them. Immediately the city-gates 'flew open, and a female proceſſion appeared, 'multitudes of the ſex following one another in 'a row, and ſtaggering under their reſpective 'burdens.

'burdens. I took my ſtand upon an eminence
'in the enemy's camp, which was appointed for
'the general rendezvous of theſe female carriers,
'being very deſirous to look into their ſeveral lad-
'ings. The firſt of them had a huge ſack
'upon her ſhoulders, which ſhe ſet down with
'great care: upon the opening of it, when I ex-
'pected to have ſeen her huſband ſhot out of it,
'I found it was filled with china-ware. The next
'appeared in a moſt decent figure, carrying a
'handſome young fellow upon her back: I could
'not forbear commending the young woman for
'her conjugal affection, when, to my great ſur-
'prize, I found that ſhe had left the good man at
'home, and brought away her gallant. I ſaw the
'third, at ſome diſtance, with a little withered
'face peeping over her ſhoulder, whom I could
'not ſuſpect for any but her ſpouſe, until upon
'her ſetting him down I heard her call him dear
'pug, and found him to be her favourite monkey.
'A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along
'with her; and the fifth a Bologna lap-dog; for
'her huſband, it ſeems, being a very burly man,
'ſhe thought it would be leſs trouble for her to
'bring away little Cupid. The next was the wife
'of a rich uſurer, loaden with a bag of gold; ſhe
'told us that her ſpouſe was very old, and by the
'courſe of nature could not expect to live long;
'and that to ſhew her tender regard for him, ſhe
'had ſaved that which the poor man loved better
'than his life. The next came towards us with
'her ſon upon her back, who, we were told, was
'the greateſt rake in the place, but ſo much the

'mother's

'mother's darling, that she left her husband be-
'hind, with a large family of hopeful sons and
'daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth.

'It would be endless to mention the several
'persons, with their several loads, that appeared
'to me in this strange vision. All the place a-
'bout me was covered with packs of ribbons,
'brocades, embroidery, and ten thousand other
'materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole
'street of toy shops. One of the women, hav-
'ing a husband, who was none of the heaviest,
'was bringing him off upon her shoulders, at the
'same time that she carried a great bundle of
'Flanders lace under her arm; but finding her-
'self so over-loaden, that she could not save both
'of them, she dropped the good man, and
'brought away the bundle. In short, I found
'but one husband among this great mountain of
'baggage, who was a lively cobler, that kicked
'and spurred all the while his wife was carrying
'him on, and, as it was said, had scarce passed a
'day in his life without giving her the discipline
'of the strap'.

Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, being asked how it happened, that his countrymen were more remarkable for their bulls and blunders than any other people; answered, he believed it was owing to the climate; and that if an Englishman was born Ireland, he would do the same."

EPITAPH

EPITAPH *on a* GREYHOUND *in* Stowe-Gardens.

To the Memory of
SIGNIOR FIDO,
An Italian of good extraction;
Who came into England,
Not to bite us like moſt of his countrymen;
But to gain an honeſt livelihood.
He hunted not after fame,
Yet acquir'd it.
Regardleſs of the praiſe of his friends;
But moſt ſenſible of their love.
Tho' he liv'd amongſt the Great,
He neither learn'd nor flatter'd any vice.
He was no bigot,
Nor doubted of any of the thirty-nine articles:
And, if to follow Nature,
And to reſpect the laws of ſociety,
Be philoſophy,
He was a perfect philoſopher;
A faithful friend;
An agreeable companion;
A loving huſband;
And, tho' an Italian,
Diſtinguiſh'd by a numerous offspring;
All which he liv'd to ſee take good courſes.
In his old age he retired
To the houſe of a clergyman in the country,
Where he finiſhed his earthly race,
And died a worthy example to the whole ſpecies.
READER,
This ſtone is guiltleſs of flattery;

For he, to whom it was inſcribed,
Was not a Man,
But a
GREY-HOUND.

EPITAPH *upon a very Lovely Boy.*

BRIGHT as the gems the wealthy orients boaſt,
Sweet as the odours of their ſpicy coaſt,
A pearly dew-drop, ſee ſome flow'r adorn,
And grace with all its pride the riſing morn;
But ſoon, the ſun emits a fiercer ray,
And the fair fabric ruſhes to decay;
Low in the duſt the beauteous ruin lies,
While the pure vapour ſeeks its native ſkies;
A fate like this, to the ſweet youth was giv'n,
Who ſparkl'd, bloom'd, and was exhal'd to heav'n.

On a lady who wore Falſe Hair.

THE golden hair that D———y wears,
Is her's; who would have thought it?
She ſwears 'tis her's———and true ſhe ſwears,
For I know where ſhe bought it.

On the Counteſs of Dorcheſter, *Miſtreſs to King* James *the Second. Written in* 1680. *By the Earl of* Dorſet.

TELL me, Dorinda, why ſo gay,
With ſuch embroid'ry, fringe, and lace?

Can

Can any dreſſes find a way,
To ſtop the approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd face?

Wilt thou ſtill ſparkle in the box,
And ogle in the ring?
Can'ſt thou forget thy age and pox?
Can all that ſhines on ſhells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

So have I ſeen in larder dark,
Of veal a lucid loin,
Replete with many a brilliant ſpark,
(As wiſe philoſophers remark)
At once both ſtink and ſhine.

The Old Man, his Son, and his Aſs.

ONCE on a Time an honeſt Clown,
Attended by his only Son,
Along the road together paſs.
As they to Market drove their Aſs,
A Plowman working by—to jeer
The Couple—thus began,—I ſwear,
Here's Schoolmaſters! how great they walk!
Their Scholar, ſee, before them ſtalk!
Folks of leſs Wit than they poſſeſt,
Would certainly have rid their Beaſt.
Piqu'd at the ſneering Plowman's Whim,
The *Old Man* takes his Son, ſo ſlim,
And ſet him up.—A Moment after
A Paſſenger remark'd with Laughter,

That 'twas a Thing, good Senſe beſide,
For Men to walk, and Boys to ride.
So far this Stranger puſh'd his Jeſt,
The Boy was bid to quit the Beaſt;
Up then the jolly *Peaſant* got,
And to the neighb'ring Town they trot,
'Twas Holiday, and People ſtore
Were in the Streets, and at each Door;
And as the Couple paſs'd—they ſaid,
That ſwinging Booby muſt be mad,
To ride himſelf—and let his Child,
With ſuch a dirty road be toil'd.
To eaſe his Son, the Man inclin'd,
Bid him,—on this get up behind.
Strait from the Boy the People paſs,
To pity next, the bending *Aſs*;
See! ſee! the Creature pants for Breath!
Theſe Brutes,—cry they, will be his Death.
The Bumkin's now at his Wit's End,
Himſelf and's Son at once deſcend:
Flat on his Back they lay their Foal,
Tie his four Feet,—and then a Pole
Paſs through,—next on their Shoulders take
The Load,—and then the Journey make.
At this the Boors,—a noiſy Rout,
Follow in Crouds—and laugh and ſhout.
Th' Old one ſwell'd,—and as they paſs
A Bridge, he o'er it threw his *Aſs*;
Chooſing to loſe the unlucky Beaſt,
Rather than be a Village Jeſt.

"He who for *gen'ral* Praiſe ſhall ſue,
"Deceives *himſelf*, and pleaſes *few*."

SONG.

SONG.

I'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby-nos'd ſot,
Who yet never thought of treaſon or plot;
A good bottle that's mellow's the chief of my cares,
And I guzzle each night till I'm carry'd up ſtairs.

For the tombs of the brave ones, the wealthy and wiſe,
All the news that they tell us, is, under he lies;
'Tis a hint that I like not a trumpery tale,
So I drown all the thoughts on't in flaggons of ale.

They may call me ſot, blockhead, or e'en what they will;
But if wealth, nor if titles, nor wiſdom or ſkill
Can their owners preſerve from a church-yard or prieſt,
Why I'll live as I like it, all method's a jeſt.

On the leſſon of Nature it is that I think,
For ſhe taught me to love, and ſhe taught me to drink;
To my pleaſures full power ſhe taught me to give,
And I'll ſtick to her maxims as long as I live.

I've money good ſtore on't, and ſpend it I muſt,
Be roaring and jolly, but honeſt and juſt,

That cold in my coffin, my landlord may ſay,
He's gone, and he's welcome, there's nothing to pay.

SONG.

RAIL no more, ye learned aſſes,
'Gainſt the joys the bowl ſupplies;
Sound its depth, and fill your glaſſes,
Wiſdom at the bottom lies;
Fill them higher ſtill, and higher,
Shallow draughts perplex the brain;
Sipping quenches all our fire;
Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the ſcene for wit and pleaſure;
Enter jollity and joy;
We for thinking have no leiſure,
Manly mirth is our employ:
Since in life there's nothing certain,
We'll the preſent hour engage;
And when death ſhall drop the curtain,
With applauſe we'll quit the ſtage.

Written Extempore *by Mr.* POPE, *upon a Pane of Glaſs, with the Earl of* CHESTERFIELD'S *Pencil.*

Accept a miracle, inſtead of wit;
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.

EPI-

EPIGRAM. *By Lord* Chesterfield.

With Sylvia, said a noble lord,
Few other girls can vie;
She never spoke an idle word,
Nor ever told a lye.

If what is here affirm'd for fact
Be disbelievʼd by some,
Tell them, whenever they object,
The harmless thing was dumb.

On the late Lord HERVEY. *By Lord* Chesterfield.

As nature Hervey's clay was blending,
Unknowing where her work might end in;
Whether a female or a male—
A pin popp'd in, and turn'd the scale.

On a Gentleman who expended his Fortune in Horse-Racing.

John run so long, and run so fast,
No wonder he run out at last;
He ran in debt, and then to pay
He distanc'd all——and run away.

The following is the ſingular will of Mr. William Hickington, *lately deceaſed, and which has been proved in the Deanry-Court of York.*

This is my laſt will,
I inſiſt on it ſtill,
So ſneer on and welcome,
I William Hickington,
Poet of Pocklington,
Do give and bequeathe,
As free as I breathe,
To thee Mary Jaram,
The queen of my haram,
My caſh and my cattle,
With every chattle,
To have and to hold,
Come heat and come cold,
Sans hind'rance or ſtrife,
(Tho' thou art *not* my wife)
As witneſs my hand,
Juſt here as I ſtand,
This twelfth of July,
In the year ſeventy.

W. HICKINGTON.

EPITAPH. *On an honeſt Sailor.*

Whether ſailor or not, for a moment avaſt!
Poor *Tom's mizen top-ſail* is laid to the maſt:
He'll never *turn out*, nor again *heave the lead*;
He's now *all a-back*, nor with ſails *ſhoot a-head*:

He

He always was briſk, and though now gone to *wreck*,
When he hears the *laſt whiſtle*, he'll jump upon *deck*.

LOVELY POLLY.

Whilſt others ſing in plaintive ſtrain,
Some haughty maiden's cold diſdain,
While jealous pangs the boſom tear,
Of diſappointment and deſpair:
Let me, unus'd to theſe alarms,
Adorn my ſong with Polly's charms:
O! may the fair reward the toil,
And pay her poet with a ſmile.

Behold the charmer croſs the green,
Behold ye ſwains the rural queen!
Tho' nymphs divine your hearts inthral,
Confeſs that ſhe eclipſes all.
Yet not of brighter beauty vain,
She ſtrives to give our boſoms pain:
Let briſk coquets forego their airs,

And by her conduct model theirs,
Indiff'rent ſhe to pomp and dreſs,
(A miracle, ye fair, confeſs!)
Simplicity, devoid of art,
Adorn the nymph in ev'ry part,
No female follies ſtain her mind,
No whims inconſtant as the wind,
No ſullen pouting fits are ſeen,
No indications of the ſpleen.

Her tongue but ſeldom ſilence breaks,
And then no venom'd ſcandal ſpeaks,
No murder'd reputation bleeds,
Whilſt on the banquet envy feeds.
Theſe are my Polly's matchleſs charms,
Whoſe ſmile the proudeſt heart diſarms:
Nor think, ye ſwains, a falſhood told—
For Polly——is *but ſix months old.*

EPIGRAM.

Like Alexander, Celia ſpends her pow'r,
Like him ſhe makes the *vaſſal world adore:*
But ah! like him, to ſoothe a proud deſire,
Firſt conquers towns, then ſets thoſe *towns on fire.*

On MAN. *By Lord* Cheſterfield.

Man's a poor deluded bubble,
Wandring in a miſt of lies,
Seeing falſe or ſeeing double,
Who would truſt to ſuch weak eyes?
Yet preſuming on his ſenſes,
On he goes moſt wond'rous wiſe,
Doubts of truth, believes pretences,
Loſt in error, lives and dies.

EPIGRAM.

Nature's chief gifts unequally are carv'd,
She ſurfeits ſome, while many more are ſtarv'd;
Her bread, her wine, her gold, and what before
Was common good, is now made private ſtore:
Nothing

Nothing that's good we have among us common,
But all enjoy that *common ill*——a woman.

An Æ N I G M A.

Two things that Heav'n for bleſſings meant
To mortals here below;
Have prov'd ere ſince they firſt were ſent,
The ſource of all our woe.

But mark the fickle ſtate of man,
Theſe things that ſo annoy,
Have prov'd ere ſince the world began,
The ſource of all our joy.

Solution *of the above* Ænigma.

The things which heav'n for bleſſings meant
To mankind here below;
Indeed have prov'd, ſince they were ſent,
The ſource of mortal woe.

Yet *love* and *beauty* ſure are theſe,
Which Adam did annoy;
Yet what like them the mind can pleaſe,
And prove the ſource of joy?

An Ængimatical Garden of Flowers.

1. A great city, and what few churches are without.

2. The produce of bees, and our firſt way of feeding.

3. The metropolis of England, and a great vice.

4. A woman's name, and a precious metal.

5. Two ſixths of a riot, and part of the face.

6. A cold meteor, and a ſmall liquid ſubſtance.

7. A prickly ſhrub, and a large tree.

8. A triumphant vehicle, and what a king governs.

9. A ſummer month and a gardener's pride.

10. What anger occaſions, and what all bakers uſe.

11. The father of David, and where metals grow.

12. A bright luminary, and what grows in a garden.

13. Sour's oppoſite, and the governor of the Turks.

14. To have no end, and a metal.

15. A bird, and what horſemen uſe.

16. A colour.

17. A planet, and what all ladies uſe.

18. A precious metal, half of the word *then*, and what Moſes uſed.

19 The contrary to bitter, and the name of a man.

Solution of the Garden of Flowers.

1. Canterbury-bells,
2. Honey Suckle,
3. London Pride,
4. Marygold,
5. Tulip,
6. Snowdrop,

7. Holly-

7. Hollyoak,
8. Carnation,
9. Julyflower,
10. Paſſionflower,
11 Jeſſamine,
12. Sun flower,
13. Sweet Sultan,
14. Ever-green Silverfirs,
15. Lark-ſpurs,
16. Pink,
17. Venus's Looking-glaſs,
18. Golden Rod,
19. Sweet William.

An IRISH LOVE-LETTER.

Arrah, my honey, my dear, and my jewel,
I love you far better than nothing at all;
If ye reſolve to remain always cruel,
By Patrick, I'm ſure it will coſt me a fall.
Then take me, my ſweet one, into your good graces;
Be after conſenting, I'll call you my wife:
I'll make you a lady, to wear ſilk and laces,
And ride in a chair all the days of your life.

CONUNDRUMS.

1 WHY is a pack of cards like Newgate?
Becauſe it has knaves in it.
2 Why is ſwearing like an old coat?
Becauſe it is a bad habit.

3 Why

3 Why is a fortunate man like a ſtraw in the water ?
Becauſe he goes on ſwimmingly.
4 Why is a cunning man like a ſhoe-maker ?
Becauſe he'll pump you.
5 Why is a married woman like a bear in the ſtreet ?
Becauſe ſhe's ring'd.
6 Why is a ſedan like the world ?
Becauſe it is between two Poles.
7 Why is a man with a bad memory like a covetous man ?
Becauſe he is for-getting.
8 Why is a ſword-belt like a cow upon a common ?
Becauſe it goes round the waſte.
9 Why are lamps like the Thames ?
Becauſe they have lighters.
10 Why is a pen like a beau ?
Becauſe it is feather-headed.
11 Why is the playhouſe like a punch-bowl ?
Becauſe it is beſt when full.
12 Why is an apron like peas ?
Becauſe it is gathered.
13 Why is a fiſh hook like a bull ?
Becauſe it is ſometimes baited.
14 Why is a buttock of beef like a traitor ?
Becauſe it goes to pot.
15 Why is an eye lid like a wadding to a gun ?
Becauſe it covers the ball.
16 Why is an ale houſe the beſt comfort to a diſappointed man ?
Becauſe there he'll be ſure to carry his point.

17 Why

17 Why is an honeſt friend like orange chips?
Becauſe he's candid.

18 Why is a little man like a good book?
Becauſe he is often looked over.

19 Why is a ſmith a dangerous companion?
Becauſe he deals in forgery.

20 Why are coals like a poor labouring man?
Becauſe they feed the grate.

21 Why is a pick-pocket like a bridegroom?
Becauſe he's generally tranſported.

22 Why is a peruke-maker like a bird-catcher?
Becauſe he has variety of cauls.

23 Why is a candle like a tobacconiſt?
Becauſe it makes ſnuff.

24 Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine?
Becauſe it has a cork in it.

25 Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot?
Becauſe it is out of the head.

26 Why is a ſurly dog like a ſharper?
Becauſe he bites.

27 Why is a man's toes like an ironmonger's ſhop?
Becauſe they have nails in them.

28 Why is a book like a fruit-tree in ſpring!
Becauſe it is full of leaves.

29 Why is a red-hair'd lady like a band of ſoldiers?
Becauſe ſhe bears fire-locks.

30 Why is a man on horſeback like a fan?
Becauſe he is mounted.

31 Why is a barrel of beer, almoſt drawn out, like a country waggon?
Becauſe it is tilted.

32 Why

32 Why is a good cook like a woman of fashion?
Becauſe ſhe dreſſes well.

33 Why is a woman's tongue like a good clock?
Becauſe it never ſtands ſtill.

34 Why is a watchmaker like a gardener?
Becauſe he ſets time.

35 Why is Wales like a neck of mutton?
Becauſe 'tis craggy.

36 Why are weather-cocks like the ſea?
Becauſe they wave.

37 Why are jeſt-books like being tickled?
Becauſe they make us laugh.

38 Why is a dancing-maſter like a cook?
Becauſe he cuts capers.

39 Why is the Pope like a pepper-box?
Becauſe he is holy.

40 Why is a ſmart girl like a nobleman?
Becauſe ſhe is laced.

41 Why is a complaiſant man like a tree?
Becauſe he is full of bows.

42 Why are ſhoes like men of knowledge?
Becauſe they are great underſtanders.

43 When is a woman in haſte to curl her hair?
When ſhe wants to go out ſtraight.

The WORLD.

THIS world is the beſt that we live in,
To lend and to ſpend and to give in;
But to borrow or beg, or get a man's own,
It is the worſt world that ever was known.

BEAU-

Beautiful New Riddles.

1 THO' very ſtrange, 'tis very true,
What I ſhall now relate;
I am in number only two,
And yet I'm *forty eight.*

2 MY face reſembles all mankind,
I'm ever *blind* when *with* the blind;
When I'm approach'd by ladies fair,
I'm juſt as *handſome*, I declare:
And when an ugly girl I view,
By *Jove* I'm juſt as *ugly* too.

3 BY my aſſiſtance merchants ſpeak,
Tho' many ſeas aſunder,
And yet I'm dumb, and ſoft and weak,
And is not that a wonder?

4 I'M never very large in ſize,
And yet with wonders I ſurprize;
For who wou'd think that I cou'd keep
My maſter's houſe when he's aſleep?
I introduce my friend, and when
He pleaſe, he may return again:
Can ſhew him all my maſter's ſtore,
O'er all his treaſure I've a pow'r.
Now tell me what my name may be?
I keep my maſter's ſtock, and he keeps me.

5 THE ſun ſhines clear, ſerene the golden ſky
Where'er you go, or run, as faſt as I;

With

With your bright day, my progreſs too does end,
See here, vain man, the picture of thy friend.

ANSWERS *to the* RIDDLES.

1 Two ſhillings, which is half.
2 A Looking glaſs
3 A pen,
4 A key.
5 The ſhadow.

A Declaration of LOVE.

You I love, nor think I joke,
More than Ivy does the Oak;
More than Fiſhes do the Floods;
More than Savage Beaſts the Woods;
More than Merchants do their Gain;
More than Miſers to complain:
More than Widows do their Weeds;
More than Friars do their Beads;
More than *Cynthia* to be prais'd;
More than Courtiers to be rais'd;
More than Brides the Wedding Night;
More than Soldiers do a Fight;
More than Lawyers do the Bar;
More than Prentice Boys a fair;
More than Topers t'other Bottle;
More than Women Tittle tattle;
More than Rakes a willing Lady;
More than *Nancy* does her Baby;
More than Jailors do a Fee;
More than all things I love thee.

You beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come;
Knock as you pleaſe, there's Nobody at Home.

CHLOE's *Continence. By Mr.* WALSH.

Chloe now marry'd, looks on Man no more,
Why then 'tis plain for what ſhe look'd before.

REBUSSES.

I.

A furious beaſt, whoſe voice with terror reigns,
A nightly bird that wakes the ſilent plains,
The cruel tyrant that ſet Rome on flames,
A goddeſs chaſte that ev'ry grove proclaims,
A river that o'erflows its plaſhy ſides,
The god that o'er the foaming ſea preſides,
Th' initials of theſe, if you but place aright,
A city fam'd for wealth will bring to light.

II.

The letter oft'neſt in theſe lines repeat,
What God can't do, tho' he's ſo high and great,
Together makes a city's name compleat.

III.

Add to the greateſt and the beſt of men,
That e'er on this terraqueous globe was ſeen,
The place in which moſt nations God adore,
And you'll the name of a large town explore.

SOLU-

SOLUTIONS of the REBUSSES.

I.

The lion fierce, whoſe voice with terror reigns;
The nightly owl that wakes the ſilent plains;
The cruel Nero that ſet Rome on flames;
Diana chaſte that ev'ry grove proclaims;
The Nile that oft o'erflows its plaſhy ſides;
Oceanus that o'er the ſea preſides.
The initials of theſe, if you place them aright,
Will, in capitals, LONDON preſent to your ſight.

II.

Your Rebus, my dear friend, I've perus'd,
And am certain it was not in vain,
For E's oft'neſt us'd, and th' Almighty can't lye,
So 'tis Old Ely city you mean.

III.

Chriſt took the manhood, the beſt of men became;
CHURCH is a place where nations worſhip him.

The following lines are on a ſmall Cottage, in the ruſtic taſte, built by the late —Powes, Eſq; on a Grove by the river Severn, about a mile from Little Walcot, in the County of Salop.

STAY, paſſenger! and tho' within
Nor gold nor glittering gems are ſeen,
To ſtrike the dazzled eye;

Yet

Yet enter, and thy raviſh'd mind
Beneath this humble roof ſhall find,
What gold will never buy.

Within this ſolitary cell
Calm thought and ſweet contentment dwell,
Parents of bliſs ſincere;
Peace ſpreads around his balmy wings,
And baniſh'd from the courts of kings,
Has fix'd his manſion here.

An EPITAPH *in a country* Church-yard.

NOT born, not dead, not chriſten'd, not begot,
Lo! here ſhe lies that was, and that was not;
She was born, baptiz'd, is dead, and what is more,
Was in her life not honeſt, nor a whore.

Reader, behold a wonder ready wrote;
And while thou ſeem'ſt to read, thou readeſt not.

PLUMB-PUDDING.

A FABLE.

TWO Boys at Chriſtmas-dinner plac'd,
The board, a large Plumb-Pudding grac'd;
Their plates well heap'd they glad ſurvey,
But each indulg'd a different way:
Jack, who was greedy of the plumbs,
Firſt pick'd them out, then lick'd his thumbs;

He

He eat, and ſaid—" 'Twas ſpecial Good:"
His plumbs devour'd—The remnant food
Quite plain, now proved a worthleſs ſtore;
He taſted, but could eat no more;
The ſweets had ſpoil'd his reliſh quite,
Pudding unplumb'd gives no delight;
And to acquire more plumbs unable,
Hungry, he crying left the table.

With much more caution Dick proceeds,
And on the plumbleſs portion feeds;
His feaſt determin'd to conclude
With plumbs, that rich delicious food;
But when the plain was ſwallow'd, Dick
Had eat ſo much, he was quite ſick;
His appetite, alas, was flown,
And ev'n for plumbs his reliſh gone:
Like *Tantalus* he view'd his ſtore,—
And cry'd—for he could hold no more;
And what he'd ſav'd with miſer care,
A better appetite muſt heir.

He who his plumbs unmix'd deſtroys,
Will ſoon regret his ſhort-liv'd joys;
While he who keeps 'em for the laſt,
Too late will mourn a blunted taſte:
Then let us take the plain with ſweet,
And like good boys our pudding eat,
Juſt as 'tis cut us from above,
Nor prodigals or miſers prove.

THE

The WAGER.

Tom Trotter laſt Chriſtmas moſt bitterly ſwore,
That he would be married by May or before:
However, a wager we laid on't, in fine,
Of two turkey cocks and a bottle of wine.
A fortnight ago I chanc'd to ſee Tom,
I aſk'd him if marry'd, he ſigh'd with a hum:
What Tom is it ſo? I find then I've loſt
Aye! faintly ſays he, and I've won to my coſt;
A terrible ſhrew of a wife I've to handle,
It was but laſt night in my face went the candle,
She's ſcolding for ever, no tongue can expreſs,
She makes the room echo, like football, no peace;
Now and then, nay 'tis often, my head ſhe will comb
In a terrible manner:---thus ſuffers poor Tom.
She all company keeps, goes out when ſhe will,
Unconſtant and giddy as Collinet's mill.
She'll be out of the way, come and ſee me to-morrow:
I wiſh I had loſt: but I've won to my ſorrow.

ALEXANDER *the* GREAT.

AS *Alexander*, (all the World ſubdu'd)
Amid a Throng of circling Courtiers ſtood,
"In me, he cry'd, Great *Ammon*'s offspring view,
"To mighty Jove my Origin is due;

"Let

" Let favour'd Monarchs ſwell young *Ammon*'s
Train,
" My Father's Viceroy, God-like, here I reign ;
" Whate'er I will's the Will of mighty *Jove* ;
" On Earth I rule, as he commands above."
He ſpoke :——Adoring Courtiers proſtrate lay,
When a poor *Crow*, whom Chance had brought
that Way,
As high in Air, he o'er the Monarch ſped,
Croak'd loud Diſdain, and *ſh—t* upon his Head.

THE WITHERING ROSE.

[*The laſt Piece written by the late ingenious and lamented Mr.* JOHN CUNNINGHAM.]

SWEET object of the zephyr's kiſs,
Come Roſe—come, courted to my bower ;
Queen of the banks ! the garden's bliſs !
Come and abaſh yon tawdry flower.

Why call us to revokeleſs doom ?
With grief the opening buds reply ;
Not ſuffered to extend our bloom,
Scarce born, alas ! before we die.

Man, having paſs'd appointed years———
Ours are but days—the ſcene muſt cloſe ;
And when Fate's meſſenger appears,
What is he but a withering Roſe ?

FINIS.

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